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The Week

THE full details of the vote in the British election are not available at this writing, but enough is known to show the general outcome of the polling. If to remain the undisputed head of a coalition Government is to win a political victory, then Mr. Lloyd George has won a great victory. The coalition members of the new House of Commons number 471, out of a total membership of 707. This is 117 more than a majority of the House, and 235 more than the combined opposition. If the 46 Unionist votes, mostly Irish, be added as probable coalition supporters, the total coalition vote stands at 517. The make-up of this majority, on the other hand, shows that no one party controls a majority of the House. The coalition Unionists, not to be confused with the "straight" Unionists of the Opposition, number 334, the coalition Liberals 127, and coalition Labor 10. The backbone of the coalition, therefore, is the combined Unionist and Liberal vote, the coalition Labor vote being entirely negligible and the "straight" Unionist vote unnecessary. The Opposition vote is divided among no less than eight parties—the Unionists with 46, the Liberals with 37, Labor with 65, the National party with 2, Socialists 1, Nationalists 7, Sinn Feiners 73, and Independents 5. In other words, the new House of Commons will comprise representatives of eleven party groups. The surprises of the election, aside from the heavy coalition majority, are the large gains of the Sinn Feiners and the falling off in the anticipated Labor vote. Among the prominent members who failed of reëlection are Mr. Asquith, the Liberal leader, Mr. Arthur Henderson, Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald, and Mr. John Dillon, the leader of the Irish Nationalists. If the Sinn Feiners persist in their announced determination to refrain from taking their seats in Parliament, the relative voting strength of the coalition Government will of course be greatly increased. On the surface, Great Britain appears to have turned away sharply from labor, Socialism, pacifism, liberalism, and dissent as political programmes, and to have given its confidence to a coalition Government nearly eighty per cent. of whose supporters are Conservatives. The fact, however, that not more than fifty per cent. of those who registered voted, and that Mr. Lloyd George's victory represents only a little over thirty per cent. of the voters, makes it unlikely that the result will last long.

THE news from Germany changes from day to day, and the hope of an early restoration of general order and the development of a stable Government is still dim. On Sunday it was announced that the Ebert Government had been unhorsed, and that the so-called Spartacus faction, headed by Liebknecht and Ledebour, was in the saddle. On Monday, however, this report was contradicted, and it was announced that while three members of the Ebert Cabinet, Haase, Barth, and Dittmann, had retired, the Central Council, composed of Majority Socialists, had defeated the Independent or radical Socialists on most of the questions which had been submitted to vote. The Cabinet has been reconstructed by the admission of three majority Socialists, but it is clear that the situation, even with their presence, is one of extreme instability. Ebert has not given the impression of being a strong man, and his failure to deal promptly and vigorously with the recent outbreak at Berlin has indicated, apparently, an indisposition or inability to use force where it seemed to be necessary. The Spartacus group, on the other hand, appears to have been checkmated rather than defeated, and any reconstruction of the Government which recognizes their political opponents is pretty certain to intensify the activity of a party which represents the most radical Socialist elements in Germany. The greatest dangers at the moment are hunger and foreign intervention. Unless the reconstituted Ebert Government can assure a reasonable food supply—and the outlook for that is not very hopeful—popular suffering will strengthen the extreme radicals; while if the disorders become sufficiently organized and general to amount to civil war, military intervention will almost certainly be represented in the Allied countries as a necessity. The whole situation is the more disturbing because of the near approach of the peace conference, and the apparent disposition of France and England, not to mention other countries, to insist upon heavy indemnities and the imposition of a long period of tutelage.

ANOTHER country is making an effort to break into the growing class of "small and oppressed nationalities." As the result of a meeting of "the Ministry, dignitaries, and notables" of Persia the Government has drawn up a list of terms to be presented in behalf of Persia at the peace conference. With Russian imperialism dead, Persia has only Great Britain to deal with, and so with President Wilson's fourteen points before its eyes the Persian Government, among other demands, is asking the admission of a Persian delegation to the peace conference; the cancellation of all treaties, conventions, and agreements in contravention of the sovereignty and independence of Persia, and guarantees from the Powers to safeguard in the future its sovereignty and territorial integrity, and economic and political independence; the negotiation of new commercial treaties and revision of the customs duties on the basis of Persia's independence; the rectification of the Persian frontiers and the restoration to Persia of territories wrongfully taken from her. Since the publication of this appeal it has been stated that the Allies have agreed to admit Persian representation at the peace conference.

THE German collapse has returned General Mannerheim to power in Finland. M. Gauvain, writing in the *Journal des Débats*, emphasizes his services in the armies of the Czar in Manchuria and, early in the present war, in Galicia. After the March revolution in Russia, when trouble was brewing in Finland, he organized the "White" army, but opposed calling in the Germans. He believed that he could maintain order without their aid. He retained his command, however, for some time after their coming and declared that he was not their political adversary. But friction developed, and he was obliged to take refuge in Sweden.

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As he was of Swedish origin (he is said to be unable to speak Finnish) and as a strong anti-Swedish movement was making itself felt in Finland, he was enthusiastically welcomed. Thus the French conservative statement. The Socialist accounts are not contradictory but supplementary. They give the most shocking reports of the slaughter under the White Terror in Finland, and hold Mannerheim, whom they call "the Butcher," responsible for extreme ruthlessness. They point out that Mannerheim owes his election to a rump Parliament chosen under the Czar and cut down almost one-half by excluding the Socialists, who were 90 out of the original 200. The Mannerheim Cabinet claims to be a coalition Government representing all the middle-class parties except the Agrarians. Mannerheim, who has been in London seeking Allied support, stands on a platform of Finnish independence, anti-Bolshevism, and famine relief. "Hunger is driving Finland to despair," we are told. It is to be hoped that the vigor and organizing capacity which General Mannerheim seems to possess may be effectively utilized to avert further famine, and that the food of which the Allies have now promised regular shipments may be rapidly got into the hands of the starving people. It is further to be hoped that the Allies will not require the Finns or encourage them to engage in any more crusading, either within or without their tragically distracted country, against social and political heretics. What Finland needs is food and orderly political development on a constitutional basis.

IN judging President Wilson's labors on the other side of the Atlantic there is one phase which we, in America, are apt to forget or to underestimate. To the average European Mr. Wilson appears with a nimbus of hallowed expectation. Face to face, they behold the man whose final decision created the mythical millions that crossed the seas to save Europe from German domination. Europe, the land of slow deliberation, stands in awe before this fleet created in a wilderness, these stores grown "beyond the distant hills," this avowed and sincere intention of political unselfishness born of the freedom of a neighborless continent. They remember and quote the line of Goethe:

America du hast es besser,

and in President Wilson they greet the prophet of a new and better day. That is why the people stand in the streets and wait in the rain and eagerly cast their imploring glances across the rows of protecting bayonets. If Woodrow Wilson can reach across this steel defence, can grasp the outstretched hands of the praying multitude—if he can reëvaluate that dumb volume of human goodwill in terms understandable to his own countrymen, he will have forged a chain of common understanding and common sympathy which the most cunning of imperialists and the most unscrupulous of demagogues can never destroy.

THE most significant session of the annual convention of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society held in New York last week occurred on the last day, when the question of the Socialist attitude toward a league of nations was discussed by Socialists and others. Its significance lay not in the addresses, but in the attitude of the audience, predominantly Socialist, which packed the large hall of the People's House and overflowed into another meeting outside. Every remark from the platform which threw suspicion upon the prospective league of nations and its aims drew enthusiastic response. Every appeal to Socialists to back the formation of a league was received with silence. When Scott Nearing said that the coming league of nations was a "capitalist international" destined to oppose the rise of popular revolutionary movements in all countries, the crowd loudly agreed. When Louis N. Boudin tried to identify the league to be formed by the Governments of Western Europe with the "federation of the world" dreamed of by the old Socialist leaders, the crowd smiled. When another speaker demanded the building of the Socialist International into a "world Soviet" the crowd broke into applause. Horace M. Kallen, author of a forthcoming book on the same subject, pleaded for a general radical backing of the right sort of league of nations as the only hopeful sign in the present international anarchy, but his words were received with nothing more than polite interest. In view of the support generally accorded the idea of a league of nations by Socialist groups in Europe and until recently its general acceptance by Socialists in the United States, the outspoken suspicion of this rather typical meeting is full of interest. Is this suspicion only local? Is the attitude of French Socialists and British labor truly one of faith, or are they using the promises of President Wilson as a challenge to their own Governments? One of the most important questions of the near future is what, really, will be the attitude of labor throughout the world toward a league of nations.

THE tariff question is to the fore again in Canada, and comes up in peculiarly hard shape for the Borden Government to deal with. The Canadian farmers, unlike their brethren on this side of the boundary, are pretty good free-traders, and have put out a demand for immediate lower tariffs all round, free trade with England in five years, reciprocity with the United States, publicity for every special claim to tariff protection, and also for the earnings of all industries enjoying tariff protection. The manufacturing interests are drawn up on the other side and highly organized. These two sets of interests are the chief strength of the Unionist Government, and their antagonism makes its tenure precarious. On an immediate show of hands, it would seem that the agricultural interests might win, but since these matters are in the hands of politicians, they will probably be compromised on the basis of temporary concessions. If the issue were forced, it might have an interesting effect on Sir Robert Borden's status at the peace conference. He expected to attend with credentials as an authorized colonial delegate, and a breach in his Government would seriously impair his chances. The Canadian Parliament assembles next month, and while it is hard to see how the tariff question is to be kept from being pressed settlement, it may be held in the air long enough for Sir Robert to realize his desire.

THE officers of the Young Men's Christian Association have done the right thing in announcing their purpose to sift to the bottom the charges against the organization, and in asking the War Department to join in the investigation. Charges of various kinds have been for some time in circulation both in this country and abroad. Some of the allegations go to the heart of the efficiency of the Association and the integrity of its work; others appear to be, perhaps, little more than the vague criticisms of persons whose grievances, whether told at first or at second hand, concern at most some shortcomings in details rather than the effi-

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ciency or morale of the Association as a whole. Whatever the nature of the allegations and whatever the cause, however, the whole thing should be thoroughly ventilated, not only for the good of the Y. M. C. A. itself, but also because the Y. M. C. A. has been a conspicuous pleader of late for general public support and has turned itself, during the war, practically into a Government agency. We only hope that the investigation of the charges, whatever the truth regarding them may turn out to be, will not operate to dim seriously the public appreciation of the enormous volume of organized benevolence and good will which the war has called out in this country, and the practical workings of which have been, on the whole, so obviously beneficent. The men to whom the friendly hospitality of the Y. M. C. A., or the Y. W. C. A., or the Knights of Columbus has often been the only relief from the strain and fatigue of the battle-front or the *ennui* of camp life will be inclined, we think, to forgive a good many mistakes in the work or methods of organizations which have expanded to huge dimensions under conditions of urgent haste, and which have had all too little time either to sift and train their workers or to perfect their routine. The public, too, will be all the more likely to take this attitude if the Y. M. C. A. insists upon tracing the charges to their foundation.

SECRETARY BAKER, on Christmas Day, declined to grant general amnesty to three hundred or more conscientious objectors. The petition presented by a delegation carried 15,000 names, but the committee was informed by the Secretary that since the cases differ so radically no general policy of leniency is possible. In spite of the fact that manacling to the cell bars has been discontinued; in spite of the fact that Majors Taussig and White were discharged, honorably, for undue severity toward conscientious objectors; and in spite of the fact that the war is over; political prisoners serving sentences of from ten to thirty years are still, according to apparently reliable information which we have just received, enduring solitary confinement, beatings, partial starvation, and bayonet proddings. And while such is their lot, friends of the discharged Majors, particularly the Kansas City *Times*, are initiating a campaign against the War Department "to show that officials in the department have been encouraging objectors, supplying them with information as to how best to circumvent military regulations, and advising them." It is encouraging, therefore, to read an editorial in the New York *World* for December 26 saying: "The question whether in treatment and in time mitigation is due them will have to be studied—upon the merits of each case, as Mr. Baker says—but with a general and growing tendency towards mercy." Even the New York *Times* manages rather ungraciously to acknowledge that "nobody would be much aggrieved if they were freed, now that the war is over."

ROBERT B. WOLF, of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, spoke last week at the meeting of the American Economic Association on "Securing the Initiative of the Workman." His treatment was markedly free from those limitations which generally hedge in the thinking of the well-meaning employer who prides himself on his liberalism. It was a story of increased efficiency gained, not at the expense of the workers, but with the coöperation of the men individually and of their international union as well. The trade-union representative at first regarded the introduction of records with much suspicion, but when he grasped the meaning of Mr. Wolf's plan, he slapped his knee and said, "I'm for it. You are going to make paper-makers again." Mr. Wolf's method of making the work interesting and significant to the worker is to give him an all-round competence and enable him to gauge his own results, thus making possible a continuous and visible increase of skill. In one establishment Mr. Wolf's method brought phenomenal percentages of increase in output, but he was not satisfied with the principle of division or with the share in the increase that went to the workers, and so transferred his experiments to the mills of another firm. Undoubtedly, as so often with pioneers, part of Mr. Wolf's success will be found to lie in a unique personality, as was the case for instance with Leclaire, the father of profit-sharing, or—to go into another field—Mr. George of the Junior Republic. But, as in those cases, it looks as though we had here one of those experiments which have social value beyond direct computation.

A RICH Canadian manufacturer, Mr. J. R. Booth, has recently refused to grant to his employees higher wages, and refused also to concede their request for Government arbitration. His action is made the occasion of interesting comment by the Ottawa *Journal* and the Toronto *Globe*. According to the *Journal*, Mr. Booth seems to reason thus: This is my mill, erected with my money, and managed by my brains; and I am going to do just what I please with it. But, inquires the *Journal*, what is the source of Mr. Booth's wealth, estimated to be about $30,000,000? It goes on to reply:

> Mr. Booth was licensed by the people of Canada to cut timber from the Crown lands of Canada—from lands that belonged to the people of Canada; Mr. Booth was given the use of certain rivers that belonged to the people of Canada to float lumber down to his mill; Mr. Booth was permitted to harness water powers on these rivers and subsequently electrify them for the operation of his mills; Mr. Booth was permitted to construct and operate a railway on lands that belonged to the people of Canada in order that he might market his lumber, a railway which he subsequently sold for a large sum to another railway corporation; Mr. Booth is to-day, under licenses granted from year to year—that is for twelve months' periods—cutting down trees on lands that belong to all of us.

The clear inference is that Mr. Booth is a trustee of resources granted him by society, and that if this same society elects to establish in the Government a Ministry of Labor with power to arbitrate industrial disputes, Mr. Booth and his peers should out of thankfulness be glad to comply with its requirements, particularly since the Government gives no indication of a purpose to withdraw the privileges previously granted. The *Globe* calls the attention of Mr. Booth to portents more alarming. The world has changed much in his long life time, it says—to such an extent, in fact, that requests for arbitration from a body of workingmen seem "mild and reasonable" in comparison with "subversive doctrines being preached"—and no doubt it might add being put into effect in some countries—by revolutionists. The *Globe* speaks thus:

> Putting the argument even on the low plane of self-interest, is it not a grave error to spurn such a petition? Is it not playing into the hands of fanatics who scorn arbitration as the device of capital, and would use more violent weapons than the strike if they dared? Reason, justice, and prudence combine to urge employers to exhaust every expedient of conciliation in trying to avoid labor troubles.

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America Turned Realist

SOME forty years ago John Morley wrote, in his essay on Emerson: "The black and devious ways through which the race has marched are not real in North America as they are to us in old Europe, who live on the very site of secular iniquities, are surrounded by monuments of historic crime, and find present and future entangled, embittered, inextricably loaded, both in blood and institutions, with desperate inheritances from the past." This was but a pleasant way of alluding to a trait which was, when all is told, the principal cause of irritation in the bosom of every English traveller from Mrs. Trollope down; which was the excuse for the historic furies of the English reviews; which furnished a basis for the condescension in foreigners of which Lowell complained, yet in which till recently we gloried unashamed. In the whole first period of our history—down, at least, to the time of the Civil War, if not to 1914—not only our physical, social, and economic isolation but our moral isolation was a source of self-congratulation. From it, as from a cloister, we looked out upon the struggles of a world which we confidently expected would be driven sooner or later to accept our gospel and be saved. The English found us least tolerable during that idyllic interval between the end of the war of 1812 and the rise of the slavery issue when we were most completely satisfied with ourselves.

It was not until a comparatively late day that it began to dawn upon us that the qualities we liked best in ourselves were in large part the result of a happy accident whose effects were already visibly passing away. But this was the truth. Until the present war began, our national institutions and points of view had never met the test of rigorous comparison with other civilizations. Strenuous and exacting as individual life has been in America, we as a nation had never faced and overcome the primeval enemies of human progress and survival; we had always been rescued in the nick of time by a mechanical harvester, an extension of railways, or the discovery of new myriads of acres of cheap land. For a hundred years and more we had been living in a kind of continental poor-house, on the principal and interest of a gigantic Rockefeller Foundation. Equality of opportunity had been possible to us, in a measure, because there were an abnormal number of opportunities. Our enfranchisement of the worker had been ten per cent. rights of man and ninety per cent. westward movement. As opportunities diminished democracy began to be harder to maintain. Our best-loved environments were changing. The medium in which Lincoln had been produced could no longer be found. Even the Middle West was visibly altering, and from a democratic point of view was not altering for the better; the Kansas of hard-struggling farmers, grasshopper years, front porches set in delicious lawns, the Kansas of middle reconstruction years, was hardening under our eyes into a community colder and more rigid, with its Brahmins, its leisure classes, and its labor problems; the things we clung to as solidly and permanently American were moving under our feet.

Our moral isolation, in fact, had been a kind of immoral isolation in that we did not honestly and squarely face the facts which ultimately condition human existence. We never had to. The continent fed us and warmed us through our worst failures. In a sense there was more hope for an ultimate just solution of the problems of life in Europe than there was here. Most progress there was made in spite of the opposition of natural conditions, the hampering load of traditions, and the mental inertia which comes from a thousand years in the tread-mill. Germany, France, England, and the rest had staggered toward civilization under as great a load as humanity is likely to have to carry, and their qualified success was a genuine victory over the dark forces of the earth. While they were wrestling with the devil we had reached a Nirvana in which we thought words a substitute for action, wishes almost as good as fulfilment, good will a definite accomplishment. Their vice was cynicism, ours self-deception.

In a sense not too flattering we were idealists; that is, we could not muster enough courage to look realities in the face. It was natural that we should misunderstand Europe up to the very moment when the war began, and that multitudes of us should look upon the war for a long time as a proof of the singular inefficiency and barbarity, not of one European nation, but of all indiscriminately. We thought they were fighting because they did not know any better; we did not know that they were in the grip of historical forces which were only waiting until our patrimony was spent to seize upon us also.

The war is more than anything else for us an awakening to realism. The old delusions will not survive the spectacle of France, yearning for peace, bleeding itself to death against the modern wall of Trajan; of England, so like ourselves and so profoundly different, throwing its delicately balanced civilization into the furnace; of Germany, with perverted energy, struggling for ends which our habitual state of mind does not permit us even to imagine as desirable. With the contraction of the world which modern transportation has caused and which this disaster has impressed upon all men's consciousness, we no longer have to live upon the site of "secular iniquities" in order to find our future "entangled, embittered, inextricably loaded, both in blood and institutions, with desperate inheritances from the past." We have come back within the range of the old civilization from which we thought ourselves emancipated.

The old idealism must pass and a new realism emerge. America, as an isolated experiment in government, has finished her course. We now take our place in the community of nations, to progress with them or to degenerate with them. For the time we must bear the load of their blunders and crimes. For the time we may even have to be content to see America stand still in order that the rest of the world may not slip back. Pinching economy, the use of every square foot of land, self-sacrifice, coöperation, mutual adjustment, interdependence—these are to be factors of our immediate future. The pioneer is gone. The pioneer type of individualism, self-sufficient, angular, and spacious, is passing into history and literature.

Our reward is that we are now eye to eye with the lords and enemies of life. A century of dependence upon an easy-going, indulgent foster mother has enabled us to grow to lusty, if untried, manhood. Now we are to measure our strength. All history, including the brief day-dream of our own national existence, has been a preparation for this moment. We grapple at last with the great adversary or the great friend, whichever the reality underneath the changing appearances of the earth in the end may turn out to be. The time is approaching when we must discover whether life can be tolerable in a world that is completely populated.

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As We Look Forward

THE American people needs to do some hard thinking about business questions, and to do it promptly. The beginning of the year marked the end of war-time restrictions on industry, though the railways and the wire lines remain, for the time being, at least, in Government hands, and various boards and commissions, such as the Shipping Board and the Employment Service, continue in existence. Yet, broadly speaking, the Government washes its hands of the economic problem and turns it back to the community for solution. In a world where famine and revolution stalk abroad among men inflamed by four years of warfare to an almost unexampled measure of unreason and bitterness and hatred, we must again set soberly to work to solve this age-old problem of producing and distributing wealth in such wise as to abolish involuntary poverty and to create the conditions of maximum well-being for all the people. We cannot solve it by adopting this or that "ism," though it behooves us to examine with open-minded care what elements of economic value each of them has to offer, be it the old-school *laissez-faire* individualism, or one of the more new-fangled philosophies—Socialism, Syndicalism, Anarchism, or what not. Nothing is to be accepted or rejected simply because of the tag it carries. Instead, we must bring every existing arrangement and every new proposal to the test of well-known and accepted economic principles.

First of all, we must remember that prosperity is conditioned on the proper development and control of natural resources. "White parasols and elephants mad with pride are flowers of a grant of land," says an ancient Hindu proverb. With a continent at our disposal, and a handful of men to populate it, we turned over our land, our forests, our mines, and our water power to any one who would develop and use them; with the disappearance of free land about 1890, our Government policy gradually changed; for intelligent men of every shade of opinion centuries ago recognized that monopoly of natural resources is incompatible with popular welfare. The particular political expedients adopted to carry out that principle may vary indefinitely with varying conditions; the principle itself has the certainty of the law of gravitation.

Second, there must be abundant provision of the tools, machinery, and other equipment with which to develop natural resources and to fabricate products from them. Ploughs and twine binders, factories and looms and steam engines, shops and railways and steamships and docks do not grow like blackberries; they are products of labor and saving. Our present device to secure their creation in adequate amount is the payment of interest on privately owned capital, with all the elaborate machinery of finance that it involves. Hence we come to think of Wall Street as the essential centre of business. But what we need is rails and cars and lathes and dynamos, not stocks and bonds, the evidences of ownership and debt. If Governments during the past four years, without financing the war, could have secured the same disposition of labor and materials that has actually been made, the same number of men would have been killed and wounded and the same amount of property destroyed as is now the case. The war would have been over exactly the same as at present, except that the world would not be crushed under war debts. The machinery of finance is primarily a means to the creation of capital. It has certain evident and grave defects, and if any one has a better means to propose, he is at liberty to bring it forward, but he is not at liberty to forget the character and seriousness of the task to be performed; nor may the defender of interest on capital be allowed to forget that its justification must rest upon the economy with which it provides the tools of production.

Third, it is essential to insure an adequate supply of intelligent and well-trained labor which will coöperate wholeheartedly with the directors of industry in the common tasks of production. It is at just this point that the wage system has recorded its most conspicuous failure. Every untrained child going into a blind-alley occupation is a challenge to the improvement of that system. Every strike is a confession of failure. At best, under modern conditions of large-scale production, we appear to have a state of more or less suppressed hostility, arising out of a deeplying opposition of interest. Profit-sharing and like devices are attempts to mitigate the severity of the struggle by introducing larger elements of common interest; but if the wage system is to endure, it must undergo such modifications as will give to employer and employee a real and evident identity of interest such as is not now generally to be found. No industrial system that fails here can meet the test of efficiency in production.

Fourth, the industrial order must discover, utilize, and develop to the full whatever executive or managerial capacity exists in the community. It is frequently and correctly pointed out that any type of socialistic organization threatens to substitute a political manager for a genuine business executive. But our present system, too, is seriously at fault. It tends to select for high industrial position the man of financial capacity and to train him to make profits, not to make things for use, which latter, after all, is what interests the community. Production for profit and not for use means a one-sided and too often anti-social development of the powers of the men in high business position. Existing arrangements, moreover, fail in large measure to find and develop the powers of direction that exist in the minor workers; such arrangements have, in fact, most of the vices that are found in organization of the autocratic military type. The shop stewards' movement and other similar experiments in so-called "industrial democracy" may yet have much to teach us in the direction of executive selection and training as well as in that of securing coöperation between the human agents in production.

As we look forward, we are persuaded that every country in the world, our own included, is entering upon a period of profound social and political changes that will have extremely important economic reactions. Each nation must experiment for itself on the basis of its own conditions and of the genius of its own people. Russia cannot follow the path of England, or the United States that of France. In days of enthusiasm for rapid and extensive change, it is essential to remember that the economic foundations of a progressive society are to be laid only on sound economic principles, not on mere political expedients. We state these truisms, not for the purpose of defending the existing economic order or of championing a new one, but solely to remind our readers that the society which follows the principles of sound economy will be rich, and the one which neglects them will be poor. Because our wealth may mean the world's well-being, we would see the United States conform its practice to those principles.

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The Poor But Honest

WE have become mildly concerned of late with the future of Mrs. Jellyby. Her occupation is gone. The soldier-heroes whom she delighted to coddle and stuff have resumed their uninteresting status of plain citizenship, and for the most part show ungrateful alacrity at getting out of the uniform that was a passport to her favor. The rehabilitation of France seems to have lost its glamour. Bond-selling, canteen-tending, motor-driving, and chaperoning Caddie and the other Jellyby children while they begged for war-charities of one sort and another, have somehow sadly stagnated. She no longer bears the burden and heat of the day in behalf of the indigent and stricken Poles, Czecho-Slovaks, Ruthenians, and what-not other martyr-nation. She still goes at the Red Cross drive, but lamely and by the mere momentum of a kind of left-over impulse. The spendid sureness and enthusiasm of the early days is not in her work. What shall she do? No doubt she will say that she is entitled to a rest; and we heartily agree with her. We have an abundance of kind thoughts and good words for her. Her eleemosynary spree was in some ways a diverting sight, it came at a time when the country had sad need of diverting sights, and its effect was good. Its reaction upon her is apt to be the best effect of all, according to Whitman's fine line:

The gift is to the giver, and comes back most to him.

But now there come to us thoughts of the multitude of poor people that are here and have been here in our own civilization, all the time that Mrs. Jellyby's activities have been reaching over among the distressed of foreign lands. They are an uninteresting lot, concerned in no more heroic enterprise than the attempt to get a miserable living in a world which seems to begrudge them even so little. Still, they are here; they are wretched, hungry, desolate, beset. The fact that they are the by-product of peace seems to us to intimate—without offence to Mrs. Jellyby or the slightest wish to disparage her—a much graver responsibility than if they were the by-product of war. It has been gratifying to us to notice that many of our citizens take the same view; indeed, if they did not, it is hard to tell how our honest poor would have managed to rub along even as they have. We know many who have perhaps cut a rather foreshortened figure beside Mrs. Jellyby in the matter of Liberty Bonds and war charities, but have kept intact their sense of duty to those whom their own prosperous civilization had disinherited and tossed aside; and we reserve *in petto* commendation for these. They too will have, nay they already have, their reward, and their reward too is different; possibly Mrs. Jellyby might think it a little perplexing and vacuous, compared with the solid satisfaction of leafing over her scrapbook of nearly four years' newspaper-clippings. We are not sure we understand it very well ourselves; yet as we ponder upon a very old formulation of it, it seems in certain ways interesting and desirable. "Give alms of thy goods and never turn thy face from any poor man, and then the face of the Lord shall not be turned away from thee."

Yes, the poor are here. They are squalid dull figures, not at all of a kind to interest Mrs. Jellyby; no *prime donne* will sing for them on the steps of the Public Library, no one will make speeches for them in the theatres or organize parades and decorate Fifth Avenue in their behalf. But we have a responsibility toward them that some, as we say, have all along been meeting, and others need but a slight reminder to join in meeting. Then, when Mrs. Jellyby is rested fully, who can tell but that she may be some day found in a mood for further adventure and be induced to join too? Better still, perhaps with all the superiority of her genius and resourcefulness over ours, she may be moved to attack the economic foundations of poverty and demolish them. We could wish her no more glorious employment for her maturer years.

Justice to Russia

FROM the start the unfriendly intent behind Allied intervention in Russia was revealed by the frank though futile opposition of President Wilson. His objections gave the situation away; he admitted it to be a bad business before he became a partner in it, and his final surrender served only to emphasize the helplessness of benevolent intentions before the cynical determination of the controlling forces among the Allies. The excuses offered from time to time by the Governments engaged in crushing what the Germans had left of the Russian revolution were dishonest and hypocritical, but they served their purpose for the time being. They quieted the protests of timid liberals. They stilled the natural objections of those who pointed out that our armies had been enlisted to fight Germany, not to carry on military operations against Russian workingmen. But the propaganda of lies and suppression of facts was indeed a house built upon the sands.

Even to persons who had no way of knowing the flimsy stuff of which the building was made, the course of the Allies in Russia must sometimes have seemed perplexing. The newspapers talked of German arms and German gold, and autocratic rule in Russia, and disorder and terror, and the Czecho-Slovaks, but every man with sympathy and imagination must have seen something more. He must have seen a great people struggling with the hardest problems a nation has ever faced; struggling to build out of disorder and corruption a new untried society, struggling to demobilize without suffering and upheaval fourteen million war-sick men and to create fresh forces to defend the newborn revolution, struggling against German domination and intrigue and Czarist plots, struggling most fiercely of all against the horror of starvation—struggling, yet holding its head high and shouting its faith to an indifferent world. He must have seen with wonder the spectacle of "the great democracies of the West" picking up their weapons and trying to destroy that young faith with arms and lies and starvation.

He should have seen something of this. But if he failed to see before, surely he must see now; for the whole structure of falsehoods and excuses has collapsed. The "unstable" Soviet Government has lasted a year and a month in the face of all its trials and its enemies. The need of an Eastern front against Germany disappeared with the signing of the armistice. The duty of chasing the Germans out of Russia disappeared at the same time, and German troops were actually invited to stay in the invaded parts of Russia to help the Allies in "preserving order." The Czecho-Slovaks are discovered to have been offered by the Bolshevist Government free passage through Russia if they would return home in peace. Arms and materials of war are no longer in danger of falling into the hands of an Imperial Germany.

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The most hostile critics of Bolshevism are now loudest in their assertions of its complete hold upon the people of Russia. And as for the disorder and chaos and terror which have formed the most recent and widely-advertised Allied excuse, the *New Statesman*, always bitter in its opposition to the Bolshevist Government, is reported as saying in its latest issue: "Order is more thoroughly established in Russia now than at any time since the fall of Czardom. Food distribution is better organized than at any time during the whole war. Factories are rapidly starting up again as fast as raw material can be obtained. . . . Terror has ceased. It has been greatly exaggerated."

New voices are being raised in every country demanding the facts about Russia, demanding the reasons for intervention, demanding action by the peace conference. It looks as though Allied statesmen would be forced to listen, at least, and to answer. The latest reports from Paris indicate that the Allies do not intend for the present to undertake intervention on a large scale, but are to keep their troops in Russia to give "moral support" to those "orderly" Governments that are or may be in existence, and send forces into the Ukraine to relieve the departing Germans. This is the moment when the question is up for decision, when every word counts. Will the cry of the people be loud enough to carry through the padded walls of the palace at Versailles? The men who will gather there are commonly called statesmen; but they are also politicians, and politicians will always listen to the voice of the people if it is loud enough and speaks in no uncertain terms. Not as political partisans or "intellectuals" or "liberals," but as honest men of decent impulses, we Americans must tell the Government that represents us the only course that seems to us to accord with the principles of self-determination which it has proclaimed.

We ask the withdrawal, as rapidly as physical conditions permit, of all American troops from Vladivostok and northern and southern Russia, and meanwhile the complete cessation of hostilities. We ask that the plans announced for a military expedition into the Ukraine be abandoned. We ask the recognition of the Soviet Government and, as the immediate consequence of such action, negotiations leading to the establishment of commercial relations with Russia. We ask that diplomatic and other accredited agents of the Soviet Government be received and that Boris Bakhmeteff, the so-called Russian ambassador, be deprived of the diplomatic and financial privileges now accorded him. We ask that all unfriendly propaganda carried on by the Government of the United States or any of its branches immediately cease. We ask that the Government of the United States bring pressure upon the Allies to abandon their present policy in Russia and secure, under threat, if need be, of complete dissociation from their plans, the withdrawal of all Allied troops. We ask that representatives of the Soviet Government be admitted to the peace conference. We ask the prompt dispatch, in coöperation with the Soviet Government, of food and clothing and necessary industrial and agricultural machinery for sale or free distribution. We ask these things for the Russian revolution and the starving people of Russia; but even more we ask these things in order that the United States may for its own sake share in righting an intolerable wrong, that no man in this war shall have died for empty words and worthless phrases, and that from this time forth the world may be made forever safe for hopeful experiments and new adventures in democracy.

Unfair Enterprise

WE wish again to call attention to the unsatisfactory terms of the copyright law as touching the rights of foreign authors in their literary property. The *Nation* of October 26 reviewed James Joyce's volume of poems entitled "Chamber Music," which appeared in an edition issued by the Cornhill Company of Boston. On October 30, Mr. B. W. Huebsch informed us that the only authorized American edition of the book is published by him, and that the Cornhill Company had taken advantage of the fact that the author's rights were not protected under the copyright law, to hurry out an edition over Mr. Huebsch's head, in spite of previous notification that Mr. Huebsch had arranged with Mr. Joyce to publish the book.

On November 2 Mr. Huebsch put us in possession of all the facts in the case that could be furnished from his files. They appear to make good his statements about the arrangement with Mr. Joyce and also his notification to the Cornhill Company. They also show what might be gently called an evasive disposition on the part of the latter concern. Mr. Huebsch's letters, covering a period of four months, elicited only very tardy and vague replies from the Cornhill Company. The entire impression one gets from the Cornhill Company's share in the correspondence is that of a fixed intention to shirk the whole issue. This impression is deepened by the collateral fact that the *Nation* wrote the Cornhill Company on November 7, asking for the benefit of any information or statement that it might think appropriate, and received no reply. The *Nation* on December 9 again wrote requesting this favor and has received no reply.

The Cornhill Company is quite within its legal rights, apparently, whatever may be thought of its notions of civility or of the morals of trade. The incident, as Mr. Huebsch gracefully says in his last letter to us on the subject, "is without very grave importance except as it points to the ugly attitude that this country has always taken with regard to the protection of literary property." We, for our part, heartily wish there were no need of copyright anywhere. We wish there were some social arrangement, purged somehow of the mischievous nature of a subsidy, whereby writers could live and make their literary work a free and common property. Probably human life will not be quite what it should be by way of savour and depth until some such arrangement is worked out for the practice of all the arts. But admitting the present necessity for a copyright law, as we must, we think it is not too much to ask for a good one. One of our best critics, a few years ago, remarked on the odd and dishonoring anomaly that if a foreign author drops his handkerchief in America, the finder is legally bound to give it back, but if he drops his poem, any one who finds it may keep it. The copyright law has been considerably improved in the last quarter of a century, but the experience of Mr. Joyce and Mr. Huebsch show that a thrifty concern can still on occasion drive a chariot and four through it. It is a pity that an honorable publisher like Mr. Huebsch should be penalized and put to disadvantage, and the rights of authors like Mr. Joyce sacrificed by sharp practice. We desire to add what weight we can to a pressure on the Federal legislature to make this kind of thing impossible hereafter, so long as the need of copyright exists.

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The Russian Constitution

The following translation of the Constitution of the Russian Soviet Republic is made from an official printed text embodying the latest revisions, and required by law to be posted in all public places in Russia.

Constitution

(Fundamental Law)

The Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic

Resolution of the 5th All-Russian Congress of Soviets, adopted on July 10, 1918.

THE declaration of rights of the laboring and exploited people (approved by the third All-Russian Congress of Soviets in January, 1918), together with the Constitution of the Soviet Republic, approved by the fifth Congress, constitutes a single fundamental law of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic.

This fundamental law becomes effective upon the publication of the same in its entirety in the "Izvestia of the All-Russian General Executive Committee." It must be published by all organs of the Soviet Government and must be posted in a prominent place in every Soviet institution.

The fifth Congress instructs the People's Commissariat of Education to introduce in all schools and educational institutions of the Russian Republic the study and explanation of the basic principles of this Constitution.

Article One

DECLARATION OF RIGHTS OF THE LABORING AND EXPLOITED PEOPLE

Chapter One

1. Russia is declared to be a Republic of the Soviets of Workers', Soldiers', and Peasants' Deputies. All the central and local power belongs to these Soviets.

2. The Russian Soviet Republic is organized on the basis of a free union of free nations, as a federation of Soviet national Republics.

Chapter Two

3. Bearing in mind as its fundamental problem the abolition of exploitation of men by men, the entire abolition of the division of the people into classes, the suppression of exploiters, the establishment of a Socialist society, and the victory of socialism in all lands, the third All-Russian Congress of Soviets of Workers', Soldiers', and Peasants' Deputies further resolves:

a. for the purpose of realizing the socialization of land, all private property in land is abolished, and the entire land is declared to be national property and is to be apportioned among husbandmen without any compensation to the former owners, in the measure of each one's ability to till it.

b. all forests, treasures of the earth, and waters of general public utility, all implements whether animate or inanimate, model farms and agricultural enterprises, are declared to be national property.

c. as a first step towards complete transfer of ownership to the Soviet Republic of all factories, mills, mines, railways, and other means of production and transportation, the Soviet law for the control by workmen and the establishment of the Supreme Soviet of National Economy is hereby confirmed, so as to assure the power of the workers over the exploiters.

d. with reference to international banking and finance, the third Congress of Soviets is discussing the Soviet decree regarding the annulment of loans made by the Government of the Czar, by landowners and the bourgeoisie, and it trusts that the Soviet Government will firmly follow this course until the final victory of the international workers' revolt against the oppression of capital.

e. the transfer of all banks into the ownership of the Workers' and Peasants' Government, as one of the conditions of the liberation of the toiling masses from the yoke of capital, is confirmed.

f. universal obligation to work is introduced for the purpose of eliminating the parasitic strata of society and organizing the economic life of the country.

g. for the purpose of securing the working class in the possession of the complete power, and in order to eliminate all possibility of restoring the power of the exploiters, it is decreed that all toilers be armed, and that a Socialist Red Army be organized and the propertied class be disarmed.

Chapter Three

4. Expressing its absolute resolve to liberate mankind from the grip of capital and imperialism, which flooded the earth with blood in this present most criminal of all wars, the third Congress of Soviets fully agrees with the Soviet Government in its policy of breaking secret treaties, of organizing on a wide scale the fraternization of the workers and peasants of the belligerent armies, and of making all efforts to conclude a general democratic peace without annexations or indemnities, upon the basis of the free determination of the peoples.

5. It is also to this end that the third Congress of Soviets insists upon putting an end to the barbarous policy of the bourgeois civilization which enables the exploiters of a few chosen nations to enslave hundreds of millions of the toiling population of Asia, of the colonies, and of small countries generally.

6. The third Congress of Soviets hails the policy of the Council of People's Commissars in proclaiming the full independence of Finland, in withdrawing troops from Persia, and in proclaiming the right of Armenia to self-determination.

Chapter Four

7. The third All-Russian Congress of Soviets of Workers', Soldiers', and Peasants' Deputies believes that now, during the progress of the decisive battle between the proletariat and its exploiters, the exploiters can not hold a position in any branch of the Soviet Government. The power must belong entirely to the toiling masses and to their plenipotentiary representatives—the Soviets of Workers', Soldiers', and Peasants' Deputies.

8. In its effort to create a league—free and voluntary, and for that reason all the more complete and secure—of the working classes of all the peoples of Russia, the third Congress of Soviets merely establishes the fundamental principles of the federation of Russian Soviet Republics, leaving to the workers and peasants of every people to decide the following question at their plenary sessions of their Soviets: whether or not they desire to participate, and on what basis, in the federal government and other federal Soviet institutions.

Article Two

GENERAL PROVISIONS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE RUSSIAN SOCIALIST FEDERATED SOVIET REPUBLIC

Chapter Five

9. The fundamental problem of the Constitution of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic involves, in view of the

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present transition period, the establishment of a dictatorship of the urban and rural proletariat and the poorest peasantry in the form of a powerful All-Russian Soviet authority, for the purpose of abolishing the exploitation of men by men and of introducing Socialism, in which there will be neither a division into classes nor a state of autocracy.

10. The Russian Republic is a free Socialist society of all the working people of Russia. The entire power, within the boundaries of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic, belongs to all the working people of Russia, united in urban and rural Soviets.

11. The Soviets of those regions which differentiate themselves by a special form of existence and national character may unite in autonomous regional unions, ruled by the local Congress of the Soviets and their executive organs.

These autonomous regional unions participate in the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic upon the basis of a federation.

12. The supreme power of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic belongs to the All-Russian Congress of Soviets, and, in periods between the convocation of the Congress, to the All-Russian Central Executive Committee.

13. For the purpose of securing to the toilers real freedom of conscience, the church is to be separated from the state and the school from the church, and the right of religious and anti-religious propaganda is accorded to every citizen.

14. For the purpose of securing the freedom of expression to the toiling masses, the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic abolishes all dependence of the press upon capital, and turns over to the working people and the poorest peasantry all technical and material means of publication of newspapers, pamphlets, books, etc., and guarantees their free circulation throughout the country.

15. For the purpose of enabling the workers to hold free meetings, the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic offers to the working class and to the poorest peasantry furnished halls, and takes care of their heating and lighting appliances.

16. The Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic, having crushed the economic and political power of the propertied classes and having thus abolished all obstacles which interfered with the freedom of organization and action of the workers and peasants, offers assistance, material and other, to the workers and the poorest peasantry in their effort to unite and organize.

17. For the purpose of guaranteeing to the workers real access to knowledge, the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic sets itself the task of furnishing full and general free education to the workers and the poorest peasantry.

18. The Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic considers work the duty of every citizen of the Republic, and proclaims as its motto: "He shall not eat who does not work."

19. For the purpose of defending the victory of the great peasants' and workers' revolution, the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic recognizes the duty of all citizens of the Republic to come to the defence of their Socialist Fatherland, and it, therefore, introduces universal military training. The honor of defending the revolution with arms is given only to the toilers, and the non-toiling elements are charged with the performance of other military duties.

20. In consequence of the solidarity of the toilers of all nations, the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic grants all political rights of Russian citizens to foreigners who live in the territory of the Russian Republic and are engaged in toil and who belong to the toiling class. The Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic also recognizes the right of local Soviets to grant citizenship to such foreigners without complicated formality.

21. The Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic offers shelter to all foreigners who seek refuge from political or religious persecution.

22. The Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic, recognizing equal rights of all citizens, irrespective of their racial or national connections, proclaims all privileges on this ground, as well as oppression of national minorities, to be in contradiction with the fundamental laws of the Republic.

23. Being guided by the interests of the working class as a whole, the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic deprives all individuals and groups of rights which could be utilized by them to the detriment of the Socialist Revolution.

Article Three

CONSTRUCTION OF THE SOVIET POWER

A. ORGANIZATION OF THE CENTRAL POWER

Chapter Six

The All-Russian Congress of Soviets of Workers', Peasants', Cossacks', and Red Army Deputies.

24. The All-Russian Congress of Soviets is the supreme power of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic.

25. The All-Russian Congress of Soviets is composed of representatives of urban Soviets (one delegate for 25,000 voters), and of representatives of the provincial (Gubernia) congresses of Soviets (one delegate for 125,000 inhabitants).

Note 1: In case the Provincial Congress is not called before the All-Russian Congress is convoked, delegates for the latter are sent directly from the county (Ouezd) Congress.

Note 2. In case the Regional (Oblast) Congress is convoked indirectly, previous to the convocation of the All-Russian Congress, delegates for the latter may be sent by the Regional Congress.

26. The All-Russian Congress is convoked by the All-Russian Central Executive Committee at least twice a year.

27. A special All-Russian Congress is convoked by the All-Russian Central Executive Committee upon its own initiative, or upon the request of local Soviets having not less than one-third of the entire population of the Republic.

28. The All-Russian Congress elects an All-Russian Central Executive Committee of not more than 200 members.

29. The All-Russian Central Executive Committee is entirely responsible to the All-Russian Congress of Soviets.

30. In the periods between the convocation of the Congresses, the All-Russian Central Executive Committee is the supreme power of the Republic.

Chapter Seven

The All-Russian Central Executive Committee.

31. The All-Russian Central Executive Committee is the supreme legislative, executive, and controlling organ of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic.

32. The All-Russian Central Executive Committee directs in a general way the activity of the workers' and peasants' Government and of all organs of the Soviet authority in the country, and it coördinates and regulates the operation of the Soviet Constitution and of the resolutions of the All-Russian Congresses and of the central organs of the Soviet power.

33. The All-Russian Central Executive Committee considers and enacts all measures and proposals introduced by the Soviet of People's Commissars or by the various departments, and it also issues its own decrees and regulations.

34. The All-Russian Central Executive Committee convokes the All-Russian Congress of Soviets, at which time the Executive Committee reports on its activity and on general questions.

35. The All-Russian Central Executive Committee forms a Council of People's Commissars for the purpose of general management of the affairs of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic, and it also forms departments (People's Commissariats) for the purpose of conducting various branches.

36. The members of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee work in the various departments (People's Commissariats) or execute special orders of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee.

Chapter Eight

The Council of People's Commissars.

37. The Council of People's Commissars is entrusted with the general management of the affairs of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic.

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38. For the accomplishment of this task the Council of People's Commissars issues decrees, resolutions, orders, and, in general, takes all steps necessary for the proper and rapid conduct of government affairs.

39. The Council of People's Commissars notifies immediately the All-Russian Central Executive Committee of all its orders and resolutions.

40. The All-Russian Central Executive Committee has the right to revoke or suspend all orders and resolutions of the Council of People's Commissars.

41. All orders and resolutions of the Council of People's Commissars of great political significance are turned over for consideration and final approval to the All-Russian Central Executive Committee.

Note: Measures requiring immediate execution may be enacted directly by the Council of People's Commissars.

42. The members of the Council of People's Commissars stand at the head of the various People's Commissariats.

43. There are seventeen People's Commissars:

a. Foreign Affairs.
b. Army.
c. Navy.
d. Interior.
e. Justice.
f. Labor.
g. Social Welfare.
h. Education.
i. Post and Telegraph.
j. National Affairs.
k. Finances.
l. Ways of Communication.
m. Agriculture.
n. Commerce and Industry.
o. National Supplies.
p. State Control.
q. Supreme Soviet of National Economy.
r. Public Health.

44. Every Commissar has a College (Committee) of which he is the President, and the members of which are appointed by the Council of People's Commissars.

45. A People's Commissar has the individual right to decide on all questions under the jurisdiction of his Commissariat, and he is to report on his decision to the College. If the College does not agree with the Commissar on some decisions, the former may, without stopping the execution of the decision, complain of it to the executive members of the Council of People's Commissars or to the All-Russian Central Executive Committee.

Individual members of the College have this right also.

46. The Council of People's Commissars is entirely responsible to the All-Russian Congress of Soviets and the All-Russian Central Executive Committee.

47. The People's Commissars and the Colleges of the People's Commissariats are entirely responsible to the Council of People's Commissars and the All-Russian Central Executive Committee.

48. The title of People's Commissar belongs only to the members of the Council of People's Commissars, which is in charge of general affairs of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic, and it cannot be used by any other representative of the Soviet power, either central or local.

Chapter Nine

Affairs in the Jurisdiction of the All-Russian Congress and the All-Russian Central Executive Committee.

49. The All-Russian Congress and the All-Russian Central Executive Committee deal with questions of state, such as:

a. Ratification and amendment of the Constitution of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic.

b. General direction of the entire interior and foreign policy of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic.

c. Establishing and changing boundaries, also ceding territory belonging to the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic.

d. Establishing boundaries for regional Soviet unions belonging to the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic, also settling disputes among them.

e. Admission of new members to the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic, and recognition of the secession of any parts of it.

f. The general administrative division of the territory of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic and the approval of regional unions.

g. Establishing and changing of weights, measures, and money denominations in the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic.

h. Foreign relations, declaration of war, and ratification of peace treaties.

i. Making loans, signing commercial treaties, and financial agreements.

j. Working out a basis and a general plan for the national economy and for its various branches in the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic.

k. Approval of the budget of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic.

l. Levying taxes and establishing the duties of citizens to the state.

m. Establishing the bases for the organization of armed forces.

n. State legislation, judicial organization and procedure, civil and criminal legislation, etc.

o. Appointment and dismissal of the individual People's Commissars or the entire Council; also approval of the President of the Council of People's Commissars.

p. Granting and cancelling Russian citizenship and fixing rights of foreigners.

q. The right to declare individual and general amnesty.

50. Besides the above-mentioned questions, the All-Russian Congress and the All-Russian Central Executive Committee have charge of all other affairs which, according to their decision, require their attention.

51. The following questions are solely under the jurisdiction of the All-Russian Congress:

a. Ratification and amendment of the fundamental principles of the Soviet Constitution.

b. Ratification of peace treaties.

52. The decision of questions indicated in Items *c* and *h* of Paragraph 49 may be made by the All-Russian Central Executive Committee only in case it is impossible to convoke the Congress.

B. ORGANIZATION OF LOCAL SOVIETS

Chapter Ten

The Congresses of the Soviets.

53. Congresses of Soviets are composed as follows:

a. Regional: of representatives of the urban and county Soviets, one representative for 25,000 inhabitants of the county, and one representative for 5,000 voters of the cities—but not more than 500 representatives for the entire region—or of representatives of the provincial Congresses, chosen on the same basis, if such a Congress meets before the regional Congress.

b. Provincial (Gubernia): of representatives of urban and rural (Volost) Soviets, one representative for 10,000 inhabitants from the rural districts, and one representative for 2,000 voters in the city; altogether not more than 300 representatives for the entire province. In case the county Congress meets before the provincial, election takes place on the same basis, but by the county Congress instead of the rural.

c. County: of representatives of rural Soviets, one delegate for each 1,000 inhabitants, but not more than 300 delegates for the entire county.

d. Rural (Volost): of representatives of all village Soviets in the Volost, one delegate for ten members of the Soviet.

Note 1: Representatives of urban Soviets which have a population of not more than 10,000 persons participate in the county Congress; village Soviets of districts of less than 1,000 inhabitants unite for the purpose of electing delegates to the county Congress.

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Note 2: Rural Soviets of less than ten members send one delegate to the rural (Volost) Congress.

54. Congresses of the Soviets are convoked by the respective Executive Committees upon their own initiative, or upon request of local Soviets comprising not less than one-third of the entire population of the given district. In any case they are convoked at least twice a year for regions, every three months for provinces and counties, and once a month for rural districts.

55. Every Congress of Soviets (regional, provincial, county, and rural) elects its Executive organ—an Executive Committee the membership of which shall not exceed:

(a) for regions and provinces, 25; (b) for a county, 20; (c) for a rural district, 10. The Executive Committee is responsible to the Congress which elected it.

56. In the boundaries of the respective territories the Congress is the supreme power; during intervals between the convocations of the Congress, the Executive Committee is the supreme power.

Chapter Eleven

The Soviet of Deputies.

57. Soviets of Deputies are formed:

a. In cities, one deputy for each 1,000 inhabitants; the total to be not less than 50 and not more than 1,000 members.

b. All other settlements (towns, villages, hamlets, etc.) of less than 10,000 inhabitants, one deputy for each 100 inhabitants; the total to be not less than 3 and not more than 50 deputies for each settlement.

Term of the deputy, three months.

Note: In small rural sections, whenever possible, all questions shall be decided at general meetings of voters.

58. The Soviet of Deputies elects an Executive Committee to deal with current affairs; not more than 5 members for rural districts, one for every 50 members of the Soviets of cities, but not more than 15 and not less than 3 in the aggregate (Petrograd and Moscow not more than 40). The Executive Committee is entirely responsible to the Soviet which elected it.

59. The Soviet of Deputies is convoked by the Executive Committee upon its own initiative, or upon the request of not less than one-half of the membership of the Soviet; in any case at least once a week in cities, and twice a week in rural sections.

60. Within its jurisdiction the Soviet, and in cases mentioned in Paragraph 57, Note, the meeting of the voters, is the supreme power in the given district.

Chapter Twelve

Jurisdiction of the local organs of the Soviets.

61. Regional, provincial, county, and rural organs of the Soviet power and also the Soviets of Deputies have to perform the following duties:

a. Carry out all orders of the respective higher organs of the Soviet power.

b. Take all steps towards raising the cultural and economic standard of the given territory.

c. Decide all questions of local importance within their respective territory.

d. Coördinate all Soviet activity in their respective territory.

62. The Congresses of Soviets and their Executive Committees have the right to control the activity of the local Soviets (i. e., the regional Congress controls all Soviets of the respective regions; the provincial, of the respective province, with the exception of the urban Soviets, etc.); and the regional and provincial Congresses and their Executive Committees in addition have the right to overrule the decisions of the Soviets of their districts, giving notice in important cases to the central Soviet authority.

63. For the purpose of performing their duties, the local Soviets, rural and urban, and the Executive Committees form sections respectively.

Article Four

THE RIGHT TO VOTE

Chapter Thirteen

64. The right to vote and to be elected to the Soviets is enjoyed by the following citizens, irrespective of religion, nationality, domicile, etc., of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic, of both sexes, who shall have completed their eighteenth year by the day of election:

a. All who have acquired the means of living through labor that is productive and useful to society, and also persons engaged in housekeeping, which enables the former to do productive work, i. e., laborers and employees of all classes who are employed in industry, trade, agriculture, etc.; and peasants and Cossack agricultural laborers who employ no help for the purpose of making profits.

b. Soldiers of the army and navy of the Soviets.

c. Citizens of the two preceding categories who have to any degree lost their capacity to work.

Note. 1: Local Soviets may, upon approval of the central power, lower the age standard mentioned herein.

Note 2: Non-citizens mentioned in Paragraph 20 (Article Two, Chapter 5) have the right to vote.

65. The following persons enjoy neither the right to vote nor the right to be voted for, even though they belong to one of the categories enumerated above, namely:

a. Persons who employ hired labor in order to obtain from it an increase in profits.

b. Persons who have an income without doing any work, such as interest from capital, receipts from property, etc.

c. Private merchants, trade and commercial brokers.

d. Monks and clergy of all denominations.

e. Employees and agents of the former police, the gendarme corps, and the Okhrana [Czar's secret service], also members of the former reigning dynasty.

f. Persons who have in legal form been declared demented or mentally deficient, and also persons under guardianship.

g. Persons who have been deprived by a Soviet of their rights of citizenship because of selfish or dishonorable offences, for the period fixed by the sentence.

Chapter Fourteen

Elections.

66. Elections are conducted according to custom on days fixed by the local Soviets.

67. Election takes place in the presence of an electing committee and the representative of the local Soviet.

68. In case the representative of the Soviet cannot be present for valid causes, the chairman of the electing committee takes his place, and in case the latter is absent, the chairman of the election meeting replaces him.

69. Minutes of the proceedings and results of elections are to be compiled and signed by the members of the electing committee and the representative of the Soviet.

70. Detailed instructions regarding the election proceedings and the participation in them of professional and other workers' organizations are to be issued by the local Soviets, according to the instructions of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee.

Chapter Fifteen

The checking and cancellation of elections and recall of the deputies.

71. The respective Soviets receive all the records of the proceedings of the election.

72. The Soviet appoints a commission to verify the elections.

73. This commission reports on the results to the Soviets.

74. The Soviet decides the question when there is doubt as to which candidate is elected.

75. The Soviet announces a new election if the election of one candidate or another cannot be determined.

76. If an election was irregularly carried on in its entirety, it may be declared void by a higher Soviet authority.

77. The highest authority in relation to questions of elections is the All-Russian Central Executive Committee.

78. Voters who have sent a deputy to the Soviet have the right to recall him, and to have a new election, according to general provisions.

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Article Five

THE BUDGET

Chapter Sixteen

79. The financial policy of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic in the present transition period of dictatorship of the proletariat, facilitates the fundamental purpose of expropriation of the bourgeoisie and the preparation of conditions necessary for the equality of all citizens of Russia in the production and distribution of wealth. To this end it sets forth as its task the supplying of the organs of the Soviet power with all necessary funds for local and state needs of the Soviet Republic, without regard to private property rights.

80. The state expenditure and income of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic are combined in the state budget.

81. The All-Russian Congress of Soviets or the All-Russian Central Executive Committee determine what matters of income and taxation shall go to the state budget and what shall go to the local Soviets; they also set the limits of taxes.

82. The Soviets levy taxes only for the local needs. The state needs are covered by the funds of the state treasury.

83. No expenditure out of the state treasury not set forth in the budget of income and expense shall be made without a special order of the central power.

84. The local Soviets shall receive credits from the proper People's Commissars out of the state treasury, for the purpose of making expenditures for general state needs.

85. All credits allotted to the Soviets from the state treasury, and also credits approved for local needs, must be expended according to the estimates, and cannot be used for any other purposes without a special order of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee and the Soviet of People's Commissars.

86. Local Soviets draw up semi-annual and annual estimates of income and expenditure for local needs. The estimates of urban and rural Soviets participating in county congresses, and also the estimates of the county organs of the Soviet power, are to be approved by provincial and regional congresses or by their executive committees; the estimates of the urban, provincial, and regional organs of the Soviets are to be approved by the All-Russian Central Executive Committee and the Council of People's Commissars.

87. The Soviets may ask for additional credits from the respective People's Commissariats for expenditures not set forth in the estimate, or where the allotted sum is insufficient.

88. In case of an insufficiency of local funds for local needs, the necessary subsidy may be obtained from the state treasury by applying to the All-Russian Central Executive Committee or the Council of People's Commissars.

Article Six

THE COAT OF ARMS AND FLAG OF THE RUSSIAN SOCIALIST FEDERATED SOVIET REPUBLIC

Chapter Seventeen

89. The coat of arms of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic consists of a red background on which a golden scythe and a hammer are placed (crosswise, handles downward) in sun-rays and surrounded by a wreath, inscribed:

Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic.
Workers of the World, Unite!

90. The commercial, naval, and army flag of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic consists of a red cloth, in the left corner of which (on top, near the pole) there are in golden characters the letters R. S. F. S. R., or the inscription: Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic.

Chairman of the fifth All-Russian Congress of Soviets and of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee—J. Sverdloff.

Executive Officers—All-Russian Central Executive Committee: T. I. Teodorowitch, F. A. Rosin, A. P. Rosenholz, A. C. Mitrofanoff, K. G. Maximoff.

Secretary of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee—V. A. Avanessoff.

A Council of Colonies

ARTIFICIALLY created political organisms can not survive. Over and over again the attempt has been made. Invariably it has failed. One dozen or two dozen gentlemen gather around a green table. They discuss the mighty subjects of the day and establish the era of peace and goodwill, neatly expounded upon a patient scroll of parchment. The moment this official document is exposed to the heat of nationalistic passion and private gain, it curls up and is consumed in ashes. The history of the last thousand years contains the dreary record of these well-meaning but futile attempts. Unless there be a common ground for coöperation, all theoretical leagues and societies for peace must fail. On the other hand, the practical nucleus of an international enterprise may grow into something very big and very stable. It may be the foundation for that international form of immediate coöperation without which the world must continue to be a slaughter house. It seems to me that the right moment for such an experiment is at hand in the foundation of an International Council of Colonies.

The war is over. The gigantic struggle has meant the education of the colonies and dependencies toward a new development. The old order of things, which had turned the colonies of Africa and Asia and America into private possessions of the stockholders in the mother country has gone forever. It will be followed by a period of reconstruction which will demand the most persistent and tactful care of the best brains of the great colonial Powers. The problems which a future peace will bring to these nations will be almost identical. Why should they not meet in a purely deliberative body to benefit by one another's experience and to assist one another in the accomplishment of their difficult task? We know with a fair amount of certainty what colonial divisions will exist after the war. These colonial Powers will be called upon to settle the ultimate affairs of more than half the world's territory. From the published utterances of the progressive elements in these countries we know the general nature of their future colonial policies. The opinion, for example, of the powerful English Labor party leaves nothing to be desired in regard to the colonial ideals of the majority of the British working classes, and similar tendencies have become clearly evident among the colonial administrators of France and Holland.

I therefore raise this question: Why should not the delegates from these colonial Powers meet with the representatives of those parts of the old empires which now enjoy the rudimentary forms of self-government to discuss the creation of a common colonial council? They would be able to guide the colonial possessions toward a conscious evolution of their latent powers. More than that, they could prevent that revolution which the general unrest of the entire world is now threatening in the Indies as well as in Africa and meeting. What I imagine is an advisory and deliberative body, composed of non-bureaucratic officials, preferably of men who belong to the modern school of constructive politics and business, and who know their colonial world thoroughly such men. They would welcome the chance to meet their colleagues from other countries and discover what can be done to save the prestige of the white man in those vast domains where formerly he was regarded as a superior being. It is now a question of initiative. If America will

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The Modern World and the Latin Classroom

By RICHARD M. GUMMERE

AS the successful outcome of the war becomes daily more assured, we may expect soon to be face to face with educational adjustments of a far-reaching sort. Modern languages will be taught more "vitally"; philosophy will unite "things" with "mind"; science will be better correlated with industry. And every teacher of the classics should develop a vital and modern method of teaching Greek and Latin. Yeoman service has been done in recent years by defenders of the classics; but more is needed than general principles with which every thinking man, at the bottom of his heart, agrees. Latin must attack, not defend; it must be made as interesting as French, or chemistry, or business science, unless it expects soon to be perched in a niche along with Semitics and Sanskrit—for the learned minority alone. Its tenacious culture must coöperate and combine with other subjects. There is no excuse nowadays for an attitude of intellectual exclusiveness.

The writer of this article has for four years been developing a plan which goes even further than the "comparative literature" idea. This plan has numerically increased the students electing Latin, as well as the interest taken in the work. It is here offered to the layman and the teacher, so that they may see the value of a scheme, however tentative and in need of further development, which relates classroom work in Latin with the future profession of the student.

The engineer of to-day should know how a Roman road was constructed, from evidence furnished by the Romans themselves in their own language; the lawyer should be familiar with Justinian's Institutes, in the language of those codes; the dramatist should have observed the art of Æschylus, Aristophanes, and Seneca, at first hand; the poet and literary critic should have verse forms at his fingers' ends. The seminar, German in its origin and its method, must exchange the dust of the library for the sand of the arena, in contact and contest with other subjects, and with no less energy than theirs. Serious thinkers and creative scholars must not arrive at the age of fifty and long for a thorough knowledge of that which they have all too late found to be indispensable to their special studies.

Let us, then, see how the Odes of Horace might be studied by a freshman or sophomore. Instead of reading page by page through the text, illustrating the *curiosa felicitas* of the Roman poet by grammar and syntax, let us break these poems up into their proper classes. Let us read all of Horace's love poetry for two weeks: we shall thus, by making our own classifications, find out how matter-of-fact was the bard's relation to the feminine sex, and with what a man-of-the-world flight he hovers over the crater of passion. We may then, by collateral reading in English and French verse, see for ourselves why Herrick is a British Horace, where Ronsard's classicism ends and his romanticism begins, and why the nervous or polished symmetry of the seventeenth or eighteenth century differs from the forceful Elizabethan age and the deeper emotion of Victorian song. Why does Horace appeal so strongly to the matter-of-fact Englishman? Or to an Italian like Carducci? Or why so much less to the hot-headed Romanticist?

Continuing by this method, we can make for ourselves a comparative anthology of Horace and the English poets, dividing as the late Henry T. Coates divided his "Fireside Encyclopædia": Poems of Friendship, of Good Cheer, of Philosophy, of Patriotism. We shall find that Fitzgerald's "Omar" resembles the spirit of Horace in the poems which deal with Youth, Age, and Death: "Yet ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!" We are ready to understand why Catullus is like parts of Byron or Rossetti; and in an English lecture course our standards of differential criticism, as well as our enjoyment of rhythmic song, are heightened. We shall thus read Horace as Horace would have wished himself to be read. Waller and Surrey, Jonson and Thackeray may be conned with expert affection. And one may be sent into delicious byways on the hunt for the debt of the early British bards to Petrarch, resulting in a charming bit of undergraduate research for an advanced pupil who is familiar with Italian.

With the wider vistas of the junior and senior years, still more extensive combination is possible. The future profession of the student is now the paramount consideration. A prospective physician may make a thorough study, correlated with courses in anatomy and bacteriology, of the writings of Aulus Cornelius Celsus, that encyclopædic writer of the early Roman Empire, whose three hundred pages of medical text contain a few absurdities but also many sound ideas. When one learns that in his day insanity was treated scientifically (far more so than in the "Bedlams" of the eighteenth and the mad-houses of the nineteenth century), one is inclined to listen more seriously to the message of the Roman physician. Celsus advises that the insane should be developed as far as possible towards normal conditions instead of being penned like wild beasts, that their minds should be occupied with reading matter and led into sanity by psychological anticipation, here forecasting the theories of hypnosis and occupational therapy practiced so widely to-day. He was familiar with the "rest-cure"; his words on diet are three-fourths modern; and his elementary surgery is, so to speak, architecturally correct. The stages of tuberculosis are indicated. Open air, changes of climate, exercise, milk regimen—these are all explained in a logical balance which would put to the blush those physicians who bled the strength out of George Washington. Celsus is thus more than a milestone in the history of medicine. He has a high ideal of his profession; his definition of the perfect surgeon is worthy of the oath of Hippocrates. A careful study of Celsus may be followed by Galen "On the Natural Faculties." Such investigation prepares the way for the "humours," "temperaments," and other matter of the Middle Ages; its practical value for modern purposes has been demonstrated by successful experimentation in the class-room.

As our connection with France, Italy, and the Latin-American countries increases, it will be advisable to do more than merely call the attntion of the incipient law-student to the resemblance of the section of Obligations and Contracts in Roman jurisprudence to the British and American common-law. We shall not be doing our duty by the young interpreter or maker of legislation if we are content with telling him that a course in Roman Law will do him no harm.

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Codes are being recommended more and more nowadays by bar associations; State laws are being reduced to a more negotiable compass; and the case system is in need of briefer presentation. For this reason a college student will be greatly helped by a preliminary study of English Constitutional History and Roman Law. Grant him an opportunity to investigate, at an earlier stage, the two most important elements of the civilized world in its governing aspect, the fundamentals of the English, and the contributory part of the Latin, and you give him two priceless preliminaries to the mastery and practice of our common private law. The Roman side of his work should begin, in his Junior year, with the *Twelve Lectures* by James Hadley; he should read in conjunction with this the Latin selections in J. J. Robinson's Handbook, and then proceed to the excellent *Roman Private Law* of R. W. Leage, a text-book used in many courses in American colleges and universities. At his elbow should be the splendid two-volume work of Roby; and his Senior year should be devoted to a thorough review in Moyle's *Institutes of Justinian.* To prevent ultra-specialization, the history of Rome may be correlated with this work, and a brief glance at the political machinery of the Empire will not be out of order. Furthermore, lest the fine edge of taste in the literary flavor of classical Latin be lost, an adjournment may be made at intervals to Garrod's Oxford Book of Latin Verse, or to a selection of Empire prose.

There is no better source for insight into the Roman "sensuel et moyen" than a review of his laws. "If a testamentary guardian, or one appointed by the praetor or governor, is not a good man of business, though perfectly honest in his management of the pupil's affairs, it is usual for a curator to be appointed to act with him"—what a horror of slipshod methods, equally Roman and American! "Whether the stipulation is in Latin, or Greek, or any other language, is immaterial, provided the two parties understand one another"—one thinks immediately of the "meeting of minds" in the modern contract. We are thus freed from the curse of regarding Roman life as a procession of senators in litters with S. P. Q. R. in the fore-ground, and we learn that a nation, of strikingly similar viewpoint to our own, worked out to a logical conclusion the problem of salvery, established the best practical code of law that the world has seen, and made mistakes in finance, land-tenure, and sociology by which we ourselves shall do well to profit.

Nor should the student be denied a more direct view of the fine arts and architecture. He is now limited to popular undergraduate smatterings or to technical research in ancient art. Some years ago Dr. Oliver S. Tonks pointed out, in a Metropolitan Museum lecture, that the age is utilitarian and not æsthetic, that the legacy of antiquity is far more human, and that, as one cannot understand New York life in 1840 by merely reading Bryant or Fitz-Greene Halleck, so one cannot understand ancient life by merely reading the literary masterpieces. Much of his complaint is now being answered; but we should go farther. Everyone knows that the Greek and the Roman spirit are fundamental in our architecture, and most persons know that the Pennsylvania station in New York is a direct imitation of a restoration of the Bath of Caracalla. But is it equally well known how these wonderful creations sprang into being? For this reason a first-hand understanding of Vitruvius, with all the homely illustrations of that engineer and master-builder, is of prime importance. He was at home in the fundamentals of concrete work: "There is a kind of powder . . . found round about Mt. Vesuvius. This substance, when mixed with lime and rubble, not only lends strength to buildings of other kinds, but even when piers of it are constructed in the sea, they set hard under water" (Morgan and Warren's translation). Such facts make the incipient architect's enthusiasm "sparkle on the chisel-edge." The chapter on the location of a country-house is fascinating; the erection of drums for a temple column shows the highest degree of engineering skill; the draining of sap from the tree which is to do service in permanent buildings is the outcome of homely wisdom. The pretty story of the first Corinthian column, copied from the basket of flowers on a young girl's grave, furnishes sentiment that goes hand in hand with the human penetration in ridiculing the error of one Poconius, who thought that, by fitting the ends of columns for a temple into wheels of a fifteen-foot diameter, he could haul them by the uncoiling of a rope round the middle of the shaft; the machine zigzagged and, by this "drawing to and fro, Poconius got into such financial embarrassment that he became insolvent." Here is the Roman workman with his coat off. Frontinus and Pliny the Elder will supplement this reading, and equip the neophyte with an expert enthusiasm for antiquity.

These, then, are but three examples of a system which, if faithfully pursued, would emphasize the content, rather than the framework, of ancient life. It would encourage reading in the classics rather than about the classics. In creative literature and literary criticism, in biology and philosophy, in religion and anthropology, its opportunities are unlimited. Romance graduates would not find it necessary, after such a course, to get up their Latin again in order to read the Latin originals of La Fontaine, Racine, Molière. A study of the authors, in selections, mentioned by Professor Saintsbury in the first colume of his History of Criticism, would produce more competent reviewers of essays and poetry. Professor Osborn's work on evolution, if the classical authors mentioned were carefully looked up, would back his declarations that environment and variation were among the very few principles of evolution unknown to the ancients. And for the future cleryman, how vitally essential is the matter, as well as the spirit, of Augustine and Lactantius! To quote that charming phrase of A. C. Benson, we should love the classics with intelligence.

The difficulty of applying this method, whether in a university or in a college, while doubtless real enough to give pause to ultra-conservative teachers, is not insuperable. The instructor should confer with his colleagues, over every student, and answer his individual tastes and wants. If alone in the department, he ought often to utter the Socratic "I know that I don't know," and go to the library. By this means the "wooden horse" will be kept outside the intellectual walls—for there will be no walls—and many a bugbear that haunts the vales of Academe will be happily and permanently laid. The whole system of marking will be radically reformed. Marks will be given separately rather than *en bloc;* the reading-club idea, now scarcely emerged from its infancy, will make desirable headway; the preceptorial system, which has hitherto fought a difficult, if not losing, battle, will automatically establish itself; and, last but not least, the pre-graduate research idea, recently advocated in *Science,* will be helped along on its way. The rule-of-thumb habit, that curse of American education, will slip into oblivion; and intellectual aristocracy will go hand in hand with practical democracy.

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BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO

Foreign Correspondence

I. President Wilson's Task

(By Cable to the *Nation*)

London, December 28

THE President's welcome in London was distinguished by two features, the absence from the crowds of the classes who live by manual labor, and the ceremonial aspect of the throngs at the reception. The cheering was not so intense as that for Haig or Foch when they made their respective entries, being just a great warm generous roar. One felt that it was less a demonstration than a deeply interested cordial welcoming. In size the crowd was record-breaking. The Boxing Day holiday lent itself particularly well to a great gathering. If the multitude was less enthusiastic than an American crowd would have been under similar circumstances, no man ever set foot in England who was more earnestly acclaimed by the liberal and radical elements than Mr. Wilson. Upon this foreigner are pinned all their hopes; they are convinced that if he loses they lose and humanity loses; that if he can not force his peace terms their own representatives will not; that the whole outcome of the war depends upon him.

At this distance they have seen and heard nothing of the seamy side of our war activity and nothing of those events which have given American liberals profound concern for our spiritual and moral welfare. They have instinctively felt that our Lodges and Roosevelts correspond to their Bonar Laws and Curzons, and they have prayed the more ardently for Wilson's success. To-day they are organizing meetings in every direction to let the President know how large a portion of the British public is with him; there is to be a tour of the provinces by a group of Labor party speakers demanding the acceptance of his fourteen points, while the Liberal press speaks out magnificently, greeting the President in terms to make any really great man feel very humble. Particularly are they encouraged by his Christmas speech to the troops and his message to his countrymen. Indeed, so intensely do they cling to their faith in him that even to suggest that he permits the use of high-handed undemocratic measures and prosecutions at home, and that in Haiti, San Domingo, and elsewhere he has anything but lived up to his principles and platform, is to cause intense pain. They realize that he is using the threat of a huge American navy as a lever to enforce adherence to his terms; yet gravely as they dread naval competition between the two countries, the pro-Wilson elements are ready to forgive the means if he achieves the end. They declare that if he does not achieve it, the war will have been lost. If he succeeds, there is no question that he will be worshipped by all who desire a really reformed world, just as it is a fact that Italian peasants to-day burn candles before his picture. That he is lodged in Buckingham Palace and is securely hedged in by officialdom has caused some dismay—relieved by the news to-day that he will see a labor delegation.

As to events in Paris, no real progress is being made towards organizing the conference. The best-informed American correspondents here with the President's party believe that the peace treaty will not be signed until July. But no one should make any mistake. The actual peace conference is on now. Yesterday's conferences and to-day's Guild-Hall speech are all part of the fencing and the mutual taking of measure by Wilson and Lloyd George. The fundamental decisions may even be reached before the regular conference meets. It is not open diplomacy, but it is of the profoundest significance. Yesterday's meetings are described by the newspapers as of historic and far-reaching moment. The President, in accord with his policy ever since reaching Europe, lets it be understood that everything is going well, refusing to assume that there is the slightest possibility of the Allies going back upon their acceptance of the fourteen points. Mr. Wilson is quite ready to return a second time, and the impression prevails that he realizes that this is the great crisis of his career, and that he must fight as never before. Whether the old tendency to yield and compromise will again assert itself is a problem, and upon that depends literally the fate of Europe, the question of future wars, and our own militarization. I am told that wistful looks on the faces of the French multitudes seemed to be asking one question as they searched President Wilson's face: Can he do this great thing for us? Perhaps they would be more reassured if we were to hear more about disarmament. That is the crux of the whole situation, on which, far more than on freedom of the seas or on the league of nations, depends our freedom from future wars. But of disarmament there is practically no discussion over here. The radical French Socialists are understood to have told the President privately that they are prepared to demonstrate vigorously on his behalf.

Russia, when all is said, remains the dark side of the situation, in regard to which no one seems to know what is going to happen. There is a strong belief that Mr. Wilson has voiced no decision and that the Allies are waiting to sound him out before deciding on a policy. The whole Liberal and labor press here are speaking out splendidly, notably the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Westminster Gazette,* while the Paris press suddenly faced about on the question last week, turning against intervention as if some one had pulled the strings. The acid test is yet to be applied by the originator of the phrase. The people here certainly desire no more wars. Their victory Christmas has been very happy and they do not want further bloodshed, particularly the soldiers one meets, who are frank to say that they have had all the fighting they desire.

The tremendous victory gained by Lloyd George was quite unforeseen in its extent, upsetting all forecasts. It causes anxiety as to its effect upon the Premier in connection with the peace conference and with Russia. He is entitled to say that it gives him *carte blanche* in any policy he may decide upon, and he may insist that it gives him authority to combat the Bolsheviks. The liberal elements of all shades are quite cast down by the result, as there is practically no opposition left. It is hard to say which is worse off, labor or the Liberals, nearly all the leaders being unseated and only the weaker candidates chosen. Leading Liberal leaders greatly fear that the result will strengthen the direct-action forces, precipitating early and serious labor troubles. The defeat of all the woman candidates is particularly disappointing, the only one elected being a Sinn Feiner. A significant feature of the election, however, and one not to be overlooked, is that not over fifty per cent. of the registered electors voted and that the Premier gained his victory by the suffrages of little over thirty per cent. of the voters. It is not believed that the present result will stand long.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

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II. The Hour of Grotius

The Hague, October 27

AN eighteenth-century Amsterdam rhymester admiring "that inimitable work 'Paradise Lost' for its wealth of divine, ethical, physical, astronomical, geographical, and political lore," but utterly regardless of its poetical value, translated that epic in Dutch alexandrines, shackling heroic poem again in "the troublesome and modern bondage of riming." A similar mistaken devotion was paid to Hugo Grotius by the eulogists of successive generations. They praised his astounding learning, his theories on the law of nations, on the relation between religion and reason, and on criminal law, and they praised his profusion of classical quotations and his exegesis of gospel words. But the main point of his doctrine, the way to recover liberty to the world "from the troublesome and modern bondage of anarchy," they failed to recognize.

What, then, was the doctrine which Grotius had taught in vain? An answer to that question has been given in a short but valuable treatise by Mr. C. van Vollenhoven, Professor of Mohammedan Law in the University of Leyden and a well-known writer on matters of international law.* According to this author the cardinal point in the teaching of Grotius was his contention that states may be criminals and must be punished as individual criminals are, and that a war waged in punishment of a malignant state is the only justifiable war. "De Jure Belli ac Pacis" Grotius called his book, giving to the right of war the first place in both the title and the treatise. And this righteous war must be relentless: in such a war everything must be permitted which is necessary to bring the criminal to his knees. In the community of states, according to Grotius, there is a code of duties which can and ought to be defined as are the duties of individual citizens. For states to obey that code is not a question of noble virtue or Christian self-renunciation, but a matter of self-interest. There must be no freedom for states to do whatever they like, there must be a standard by which the right or wrong of their actions may be gauged, and war is the executioner's sword for the state which cannot stand the test. Does that mean that Grotius had conceived a new world order? Far from it. He did not dream of a league of nations. He simply stated what, at the time of his writing (1625), he considered the duty of all states if they wished to ward off their own fall and the destruction of Europe.

But what became of this doctrine in seventeenth-century practice in the age whose diplomacy bore the stamp of Richelieu? The Dutch thinker and the French statesman knew each other, but their acquaintance had no weighty effect on the fate of Europe. Grotius considered a state's right to its own territory no more assailable than, within its frontiers, a citizen's right to his own property; the age of Richelieu dealt with border states as if they were destined for no other purpose than to change hands continually. Unjust is a war, says Grotius, which is waged for the maintenance of the balance of power; but the only wars which the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries considered righteous were of that very nature. Offensive and defensive alliances are condemned by Grotius as unavoidably involving injustice and crime; but the practice of his age made them the base of international relations.

**De drie treden van het Volkenrecht*, door Mr. C. van Vollenhoven ('s Gravenhage: Martinus Nijhoff 1918).

But worse than ineffective praise, worse than neglect, was Grotius's lot: he was wilfully misrepresented—and that by a man who pretended, and was believed, to have followed in his steps. Vattel, the author of "Le Droit des Gens ou Principes de la Loi Naturelle appliqués à la conduite et aux affaires des Nations et des Souverains," borrowed from Grotius his classifications and terminology, but, while correcting him in details, committed treason to his system. "Il apparent à tout etat libre et souverain, de juger en sa conscience de ce que ses Devoirs exigent de lui, de ce qu'il peut ou ne peut pas faire avec justice. Si les autres entreprennent de le juger, ils donnent atteinte à sa Liberté, ils le blessent dans ses droits les plus précieux." To Grotius, on the other hand, the sovereignty of a state consisted in the supreme control of the country's internal affairs, but did not mean a license to commit injustice against its neighbors. Differing again from Grotius, who considers the punishment of a malignant state a righteous act, Vattel denies even to the nation whose country has been invaded the right of condemning the invader's conduct: "Nous ne sommes point reçus a nous plaindre de lui, comme d'un infracteur du Droit des Gens." According to Vattel any state has a right, by appealing to its sovereignty, to declare war on any other state without the slightest provocation; Grotius wants the justice of a war to be tested by a law of nations. Vattel, to be sure, admits that no state has a license to commit wrong and that each state is responsible for the injustice it commits, but only on condition that no one but that sovereign state itself decide whether it has done wrong or is to be held responsible for its consequences. And it is that reservation which annuls the value of the admission and turns Grotius's conception of a law of Nations, which Vattel pretends to recognize, into a doctrine of international anarchy.

Vattel was a Swiss by birth but a subject of the King of Prussia, and the Kings of Prussia have proved themselves their adoptive subject's worthy disciples. It is Vattel's voice that is echoed by that pillar of Prussianism, Heinrich von Treitschke, when he writes: "Every state in the comity of nations must retain the attributes of sovereignty, whose defence is its highest duty even in its international relations. No one contests the right of every state not only to make war, but to declare itself neutral in the wars of others." Indeed, no one did. But this war has taught us a different lesson. The reign of Vattel and the Prussian conception of the sovereign state is past: the hour of Grotius has come. The world, since August, 1914, has seen what are the consequences of an unchecked state egoism; it has learned, contrary to the old theory "universitas delinquere non potest," the necessity of treating malignant states as individual criminals; it even denies, if not officially, the duty of neutrality. According to Grotius, even a state which has no concern in the contest must take part in the chastisement of the guilty state, and if it is too weak to do this, it must favor the avenger but may never favor the criminal. The terms "neutrality" and "neutral" are therefore intentionally avoided by Grotius. "Outsiders" is his name for non-belligerents. His eulogists and parrots regretted that the great man had not yet realized the idea of neutrality! He had indeed, but only to discard it. The seventeenth-century thinker's doctrine is here at one with the instinctive feelings of millions at the present day. How, then, is it that diplomatic officialdom has stamped the non-belligerent's position as a "right of neutrality"? Because of the non-exist-

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ence of an impartial, supra-national judge, to whom the question could be submitted if crime there be and, if so, which state be the criminal. Grotius himself saw that deficiency. He saw no remedy for it, for he did not dream of an impracticable world tribunal. What was impossible in his time is impossible no longer. The International Prize Court conceived by the Second Peace Conference at the Hague and the punitive expedition against China show that the world does no longer despair of realizing both the international tribunal and its executive power.

On May 18, 1619, Grotius was sentenced by his own people to "eternal imprisonment." Will the tercentenary of that disgraceful day see his thought, by the unanimous consent of all peoples, come to victory and eternal rule?

A. J. BARNOUW

In the Driftway

JUST 230 years ago the last of the Stuart rulers fled from England and landed in France, an exile begging alms from his French neighbor. This popular removal of an unpopular King was the work of the Stadtholder William III, ably assisted by his lifelong friend, August Bentinck, one of the vast clan of Bentincks who live and thrive and have their peaceful being in the eastern part of Holland. And now, behold the little prank of history's stately muse. "German William" enjoying the refined hospitality of his *de facto* jail in the home of the same man whose ancestor helped "Dutch William" to maintain England's political liberties against the aggressions of her autocratic king. The Drifter remembers the castle of Amerongen as a private museum dedicated to the glory of a family with a record of four hundred years of faithful public service. Is there not, among the treasures of cupboards and chests, one of the old flags which carried the "glorious revolution" to Torbay? It may be a bit tattered and somewhat moth-eaten, but the black letters will show. In case the imperial scholarship balks before the strange Latin words, the village schoolmaster from Amerongen will no doubt render a suitable translation of *Pro Libertate.*

* * * * *

SOME half a thousand Imperial, Royal, Apostolic, Grandducal, and Serene Highnesses are enjoying the free air of hospitable Switzerland, Holland, and Denmark. They improve the twenty-four daily hours of their leisure by writing explanations of, and apologies for, their past conduct. Without a single exception they were all "firmly opposed to this terrible war" and mercifully they put the final blame upon Divine but distant Providence. Some two years ago, during a voyage of discovery among the neutral remnants of Europe, the Drifter found himself in a Swedish hotel. In August of the year 1914 the Grandduke of one of Germany's minor principalities had graced the humble caravanserai with his presence. The war had caught him unexpectedly. Hurriedly he had packed his trunks and ordered passage home, but before leaving he had despatched a telegram which clearly showed his deep concern with the world-moving events of that day. The hotel preserved a carbon copy of his message and cherished it with loving care. It read: "Ein Dragonersabel und zwie Husarensäbel schleiffen lassen." At the very moment when the civilized world shook in ghastly anticipation of its terrible doom, His Serene Highness, with a cool and unshaken hand, ordered his three pet sabres to be sharpened and made ready for use on the cheerful and merry field of battle.

* * * * *

DO the men of this generation, I wonder, carry clippings around in their pocketbooks? Somehow I have the impression that they don't, but I can remember when almost any man in a smoking car would pull out a yellowed newspaper clipping on very short acquaintance indeed. I don't follow the practice myself, but I come as close to it as I can; for I find myself recognizing, instantly on sight, the sort of items that the men who *do* cut out clippings would treasure. For example, a year ago last November there was a brief dispatch in the New York *Times* analyzing the income-tax returns for 1916 and showing, by them, that the United States had accumulated 8,000 brand-new millionaires in a single year. That is the sort of thing I mean. The item in itself was fairly startling, and coming from the *Times* it was, of course, perfect for pocketbook use. If I did follow the practice myself, I knew a little item I should carry. It is from the November *Atlantic Monthly*, a quotation from Price Collier's book, "Germany and the Germans," and it shows what that highly respectable journalist thought of the German army—in 1913:

> It is the best all-round democratic university in the world; it is a necessary antidote for the physical lethargy of the German race; it is essential to discipline; it is a cement for holding Germany together; it gives a much-worried and many-times-beaten people confidence; the poverty of the great bulk of its officers keeps the level of social expenditure on a sensible scale; it offers a brilliant example, in a material age, of men scorning ease for the service of their country; it keeps the peace in Europe; and until there is a second coming of a Christ of pity and patience and peace, it is as good a substitute for that far-off divine event as puzzled man has to offer.

Succinct perfection! If it weren't for my strong inhibitions in the matter I should be tempted to cut this out and carry it around!

* * * * *

SPEAKING of the German army reminds me of the American army officer whom I met in Washington the other day. He was going along the street with an amused expression in his eye, and when we had exchanged greetings I probed gently for the joke. "Oh, nothing much," he said; "the General Staff, as everybody knows, has been putting in some heavy-witted weeks discussing 'Bolshevism in America'—its dimensions, its stigmata, and the pros and cons of a weird something which the staff calls 'mob psychology.' Army officers are incurably romantic, and never more so than when they are discussing public affairs about which, I can assure you, they know considerably less than any undergraduate I ever met. I can't go into details," he went on, "but I'll say this much: if Secretary Baker had been permitted to sit in on some of those absurd discussions, he would have plumbed, for the first time probably since he has been Secretary of War, the depths of ignorance regarding social and political phenomena which mark military men." Again that amused look came into his eyes. "Curse your new shoulder-straps," I said. "Come, be a sport and a citizen. Tell me just one thing they said." He hesitated. "No, positively I cannot," he said. And he wouldn't and didn't. Now wasn't that a tantalizing experience? It left me exasperated all day!

THE DRIFTER

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A Dare

By P. F. B.

Suppose a mere word of command,
Or just the moving of your hand,
Could turn the time-wheel four years back,
And blot out all the storm and wrack,
And wipe away quite all the tears
That fear and grief have wept these years,
And open outward the grave-door,
And make all as it was before,
At home, in France, and everywhere,—
If you could do it, would you dare?

Correspondence

Off With Her Head

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Sacramento, at the present time, a woman and forty odd men—a few have died during their year in jail awaiting trial—are being tried for conspiracy. The woman, Theodora Pollok, had what the labor agitators call "a heart interest" in labor troubles. She had served on defence committees for "under dogs," over and over again, helping men arrested in labor cases to get lawyers and bail, and exposing frame-ups or brutalities when she found them used toward the helpless. In this spirit she had joined the I. W. W. as a member of their defence committee. She is indicted on three counts: 1. Receiving a letter which asked her for literature and which apparently, it is not pretended that she answered. 2. Writing a poem against war. This was found among her papers when her house was raided, and she declares that it was written before we entered the war, and in fact, when President Wilson was a national hero for keeping us out of war. It was never published. 3. Circulating a paper called *Solidarity*, and other publications of the society.

It is to this last charge that I wish to call your attention, for it involves a menace for many innocent citizens of an inquiring order of mind. While Miss Pollok subscribed to the paper *Solidarity*, sometimes reading it, and sometimes not, there seems to be no claim that she was on any executive, editorial, circulation, or other committee, nor did she make a practice of giving the paper to others to read or of calling it to any one's notice.

Where does this leave the people who want to understand the world they live in? "You subscribed for it? You received it? You acknowledge that you sometimes read it? You had a desk in a room where it lay about? You are not sure but you called your mother's attention to a joke in it? Off with your head," as the Queen of Hearts would say. This sentence is literally what is imminent in Miss Pollok's case. She has succumbed to tuberculosis since her indictment, and twenty years, or twenty months, or twenty days in jail would be to her tantamount to decapitation.

"But surely," says Mr. Moderate, "the lady must have done something besides receiving the letter, and writing the poem, and subscribing to the paper." She did. She served on the Mooney defence committee. And just as Mooney stands to-day as a warning to all workmen that they would better not foment strikes if they don't want to be sentenced to life imprisonment for murder, so the memory of Theodora Pollok's fate will soon serve as a warning to all middle-class people who "have a heart" that they would better not serve on the defence committees of labor agitators who are under the ban. What are we going to do about it? C.L.

New York, December 21

Circumstances That Might Alter Cases

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is there not wisdom in the old saw that circumstances alter cases—and has it not application to the issue of military and naval preparedness *vs.* disarmament? When, for good or ill (I do not doubt it was for good), our country went into the European war, we left behind us the traditional isolation, in which our need for an army and navy was at a minimum. Once taking a hand in European conflicts, it is unlikely that we shall be able to keep out of them in the future—supposing that they are really European, i.e., general. This being the case, it becomes only prudent to be prepared for them; an army and navy of considerable proportions becomes a necessity—whether through universal military service (the German way) or a voluntary system (the English way) is a matter of detail.

But suppose another situation, within sight if not within reach to-day. Suppose that the world—at least the European world and ourselves—sick of war, determines on a scheme of international organization like that of a League of Nations. Then the nations will bring differences, such as have led to war in the past, before an international tribunal—and not arms, but reason and law will decide between them. The circumstances are now entirely changed. Under the new conditions the occasion for separate armies and navies—save for internal police purposes—passes away. Force may be needed against a nation refusing to accept the tribunal's decision, but it will be under international, not national, control.

At the present moment we do not know whether the idea of a league of nations will win the day or not. The ultra-nationalists, the militarists, the jingoes in all countries—our own included—will give little support to it; they love their nation more than they love the peace of the world. It is quite possible that the motives for which America went into the war—at least, for which our President wished that we should go into the war—will be set aside as unpractical and utopian. Hence, for self-protection, our country and every other must prepare itself for the possibility of future war (and perhaps for even a greater and more ruinous war than the one now happily come to a close)—this, however, not as a final policy, but in case the proposed league of nations fails. Only if it wins, as Heaven grant it may, can we seriously or rationally talk of reducing armaments, etc. There is thus no inconsistency that I can discover between Secretary Daniels's proposals for a great increase in our naval equipment and President Wilson's noble pleas for a new order of international life in which national navies would largely lose their *raison d'être*.

WILLIAM M. SALTER

Cambridge, Mass., December 2

An Explanation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have noted with interest your reviewer's criticism of the list of texts in the Bibliography of my edition of Fielding's "Tragedy of Tragedies" (the *Nation*, November 23, p. 630). "The Tragedy of Tragedies" has, of course, been reprinted many times since 1824, not only in the editions your reviewer mentions, but also in "selected" editions of Fielding's works; but in no case, so far as I know, has there been any critical examination of the text, which was taken, in all cases, directly or indirectly, from the text in the first collected edition, that of 1762. For this reason, and also because the latter editions were so easily available and so familiar, I did not list them in detail, but supposed the reader would include them in the general statement about "all later texts" at the foot of page 201. An exception was made in the case of the Henley edition, simply because

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that is the standard modern edition, and had been referred to several times in the course of my work. I regret, however, that I was not more explicit in this connection.

A much more unfortunate omission from my Bibliography is that of an adaptation of "The Tragedy of Tragedies" which I did not see until it was too late to include it. This is a piece of twenty-four pages, with a title-page reading "The Life, Death, and Renovation of Tom Thumb; A Legendary Burletta, In One Act, As it is Performed at the Royal Circus. Printed in the year MDCCLXXXV." The characters are: The King, Tom Thumb, O'Grizzle, Noodle, Doodle, Merlin, Dollalolla, Glumdalca, Huncamunca. This burletta, which appeared five years after Kane O'Harra's adaptation, is apparently based on "The Tragedy of Tragedies" itself, rather than on either of the two earlier adaptations. The method is very free, but occasionally short passages in the original text are taken over intact, for instance, the song in Act II.

Minneapolis, November 27 JAMES T. KILLHOUSE

Strange War Words

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The number of foreign words that have been drawn into the general American vocabulary by the war seems surprisingly small. Thus far I have noted only the following:

French: barrage, Boche, camouflage, poilu.

German: Junker, Kamerad, Kultur, Schrecklichkeit, spurlos, versenkt, strafe.

Russian: Bolsheviki, soviet.

Can any one add to the list? FRED NEWTON SCOTT

University of Michigan, December 15

In the Interest of Truth

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the interest of truth, I wish to point out to you that your editorial "Getting Together on Russia," published in the *Nation* for December 21, contains a statement which is not likely to dispel the wrong and misleading ideas about the present Russian Government prevailing in this country. While expressing doubts as to its authenticity, you say that the alleged Soviet decree nationalizing women "has not been officially repudiated" by that Government. Such a decree has never been promulgated, and the "scandalous story is only another horrid lie," of the kind that keep coming from Stockholm, Copenhagen, London, and other unknown but equally unreliable sources. Secondly, should the Soviet Government wish to repudiate or deny or confirm any press reports about its actions, the channels of communication between Russia and the United States are controlled by the British Admiralty, which chooses not to let any real Russian information reach us. Third, the Soviet Government has so many urgent problems on hand, as the food question, foreign intervention, etc., that even if it were in a position to do so, it would hardly engage in a futile attempt to deny all atrocious slanders and lies circulated about it by certain interests. Such an attempt would lead nowhere and could not stop the "slander mill" operated from high foreign quarters.

The story about the nationalization of women probably owes its origin to the action of an irresponsible group of anarchists in Saratov who, some months ago, published such a notice in their local paper, which notice an ignorant or lying reporter converted into a decree of the Soviet Government. It is hardly necessary to explain to you that that Government, being Socialistic, is the very antithesis of anarchism.

As to your suggestion that the Russian Government appoint a representative at Washington, that seems to rest entirely with our State Department. I think that would make a legitimate addition to the interesting series of "Is It True?" questions put by you to the State Department some weeks ago.

New York, December 23 A READER

Limericks

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While agreeing with your reviewer of Miss Carolyn Wells's "Such Nonsense" that the term "Limerick" in its literary application probably derives from the last line of the refrain dear to ribald undergraduates, I should like to add my opinion that, in England at least, the name is confined to nonsense verses of a more or less indecorous type. "Over there" I, for one, never heard the expression used of the decorous variety. There is a small but choice body of "limericks" that is not represented in Miss Wells's collection, and that your reviewer does not seem to miss. It deals with colleges in Oxford and Cambridge, and, though perhaps chiefly of local interest, includes several amusing things. Take, for instance, the engaging:

There was a ship's captain of Downing,
Whose crew was in danger of drowning.
He said, "Swim to shore
For I fear that eight more
Can scarce be collected in Downing."

The undergraduate population of Downing numbers about a dozen.

Magdalen Hall, Oxford, changed in other ways than merely in name when it became Hertford College. Its reputation in the old days is thus lyrically if concisely set forth:

There was an old man of Magdalen Hall
Who literally knew nothing at all.
He took his degree
At sixty and three,
Which was very good for Magdalen Hall.

Both of these labor under the defect—common to most of Lear's—of ending the first and fifth lines with the same word. It is curious how difficult it is to write a really good limerick. We had a limerick society when I was at Oxford; we met once a month and read original limericks *in camerâ*—and never succeeded in producing one worthy to be placed even in the second class. E COLL. UNIV.

New York, December 26

Alas!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For some time I have looked forward to the arrival of your paper each week with real pleasure, but you are getting too Bolshevik for me.

My family arrived in Philadelphia with William Penn and have been here ever since, so I can scarcely be called a new arrival, or one tainted with old-world ideas, but your sentence, "Every remaining King, whether well-meaning figure-head or despot, should and must go," is too much for me. Is it possible that, like the proverbial New Yorker, you have not been away from New York since you first entered it? If that be so, take a little trip when the opportunity offers, and keep your eyes open. You will find a number of people still living in the world who are still quite satisfied with kings, and with the old forms of government.

You will do me a favor by cancelling my subscription to the *Nation* as soon as possible, as I am not interested in any paper which prints such revolutionary propaganda against the best friend of the United States, or against an institution as necessary to the progress and well-being of the free peoples of the world as the British Throne. Who is the *Nation* that it can make such demands, or voice such sentiments, and why go out of your way to alienate, even in small measure, the United States from our cousins the British?

Philadelphia, November 18 M. M. S.

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Literature

Pathfinders in America

Can Grande's Castle. By Amy Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Japanese Prints. By John Gould Fletcher. Boston: The Four Seas Company. $1.75.

Cornhuskers. By Carl Sandburg. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.30.

Young Adventure. By Stephen Vincent Benét. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.25.

Colors in Life. By Max Eastman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.25 net.

IN Miss Amy Lowell's work there is a gallantry, an enterprise, a scornful and imperious challenge, which is lustier and larger than the work itself. I can quite understand how the opening of a book of hers should have for her admirers the zest of embarkation. These few poems, one of which has the globe and another a cycle for its base, stir us by their sweep and scope as they cannot do by their checkered and questionable contents. To have circled the world is something, even if you do not bring back Peru or Golconda under your hatches.

The poems are written in "polyphonic prose." In adapting M. Paul Fort's measures to use in English, Miss Lowell found our pentameter unruly, and resolved to base a new form "upon the long, flowing cadence of oratorical prose." The word "oratorical" is informing; the "prose" does savor of oratory, but I hasten to add that it savors no less of Chateaubriand and Landor; its basis, in a word, is the "period." Period, in Greek, means "circuit," and so little are the whorls and calyxes that embellish "Can Grande's Castle" peculiar to Miss Lowell or to oratory that I can trace them as far up stream in English prose as Chaucer's "Boethius" (see Book I, Metre II, lines 17-28) and as far down as Mrs. Wharton's "Valley of Decision" (Vol. I, page 50, middle). I do not, however, deny originality to Miss Lowell. These cultivators of the period refused to carry their art to its formal perfection for the bluff English reason that its formal perfection was adverse to its *life*—in other words, to its nature as *speech*. Now Miss Lowell is not concerned that her prose, which, as she expressly says, is "not prose," should talk. She discards *speech* and substitutes *utterance;* and, in this change of aim, the barrier to formal perfection vanishes. Draperies are beautiful things, but their expansion is checked by the unfortunate necessity that a human being should walk. But the solution is admirably simple. A statute has no occasion to walk; relegate the human being and drape—the statute.

Perfection in any kind is respectable, and granting the kind, and waiving the monotony which inheres in the craft rather than the craftsman, I think Miss Lowell's handling of this form nearly perfect. I like her polyphonic prose better than her free verse. Free verse demands a feeling for the chords in words and a nimbleness in variation which Miss Lowell rather seeks than achieves. Her strong points are the clausal balance and phrasal texture which form the essence of polyphonic prose. I quote a little from "Guns as Keys":

"Key-guns, your muzzles shine like basalt above the tumbling waves. Polished basalt cameoed upon malachite. Yankee-doodle-dandy! A fine upstanding ship, cloudy with canvas, slipping along like a trotting filly out of the Commodore's own stables. White sails and sailors, blue-coated officers, and red in a star sparked through the claret decanter on the Commodore's luncheon table."

Noisiness, squalor, blasphemy, are not rare; but the control of such particulars, which is one of the touchstones of style, is usually excellent. They displease us as much and as little as lepers and devils amid the lighter and courtlier masks of a Venetian Mardi Gras.

I have dwelt long on style, because the poems *rest* largely on style; they ask less to be consumed than to be inspected. Moreover, as the style is tone rather than speech, so the narrative is fresco rather than record. Miss Lowell makes history visible and audible. So do Scott and Shakespeare, but with a large difference. Scott and Shakespeare present a psychic sequence, which is primary, in terms of a sensible sequence, line, hue, and sound, which is secondary. Miss Lowell's originality and her fallacy lie in her view that the material sequence is predominant, while the psychic sequence is auxiliary. The success wavers with the theme. In the first part of "Guns as Keys" the result is happy and novel, because the theme, a peaceful voyage, is merely or mainly a chain of visualities, but the limits of the method are sharply evident in its collapse in the second half where action and drama supervene. Failure is equally notable in "Sea-Blue and Blood-Red," where Miss Lowell tries to convey in a sort of heraldic emblazonment the simple and passionate biography of Horatio Nelson.

In the "Bronze Horses" and their journeys between Rome, Constantinople, Venice, and Paris, the design, let us frankly admit, is not without grandeur; and in parts of the theme where the human stresses are not marked, effectiveness is reached. But in the end the bronze horses have accomplished nothing, illustrated nothing. They are always lifting the foot, always about to do something; but that foot, in the literature as in the sculpture, *never comes down.* Bronze horses leave no prints. They are not motors; they are freight. I feel to the full the value of a recurrent symbol, the Scarlet Letter, the Holy Grail; but in these instances the value depends on internal realities which the symbols clarify and incarnate. The bronze horses stand, in Miss Lowell's poem, for materialities as concrete and as palpable as themselves.

The poems have a hard, not unattractive, brilliancy, a lustre which I should call, not metallic exactly, but rather mineral. But the effect is unrelieved, like that of noonday in a piazza. In a picture which does drama's work as well as its own, every point is stressed, strained, heightened; colors are keen, sounds shrill, odors piercing; in that painted window which constitutes history for Miss Lowell, little is left sometimes but a dazzle—that is to say, a blur—of lights. At that point I must leave the work, with the final remark that it is worth reading for its attractions and its provocations alike.

In Mr. Fletcher's "Japanese Prints" poetry takes lessons from painting and America copies Japan. Effects mostly pre-existent in "prints" are transferred to metres shaped, or at least colored, by Japanese prosody. This is Mr. Fletcher's path to "universality." Can the universal reach America only by way of Japan? Is Japan its trustee? If so, would it be the universal? Mr. Fletcher wants a few words to convey a deal of meaning. The Japanese "tanka" is confined to five short lines; the "hokku" is an abridged "tanka," the two last lines of which are supplied by the coöperating reader. No doubt there now rests in some bamboo cradle the Japanese scholar who will rebuke the incontinence of the "hokku." "What need you five and twenty, ten, or five?" exclaims Goneril. "What need one?" retorts the caustic Regan. To Mr. Fletcher in his present mood words are poisons, medicinal only in the smallest bulks. He is the homœopathist of language.

I like conciseness myself, but not conciseness by formula: the hatchet will not solve our difficulties. Mr. Fletcher, to do him justice, does not insist that Americans write tankas and hokkus; we must simply adhere to the principle. But the poet's own attempts to impart pregnancy to conciseness seem to me only a little less mechanical than his Japanese prompters; they remind me even of the dashes and italics by which the inadequacies of the school-girl's brain are crudely supplemented. I quote one poem:

Grass moves in the wind,
My soul is backwards blown.

Does this mean much or little? It means little that is precise. Precise meanings are always few; the vague may be the multitudinous. A star is a point; it is the nebula that is indefinitely extensible. When, as often happens, I cannot fathom these

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poems, I am consoled to think that I share the privations of their maker.

The Vulcan that Mr. Sandburg was, or chose to appear, in "Chicago Poems" is curiously softened in his new book, "Cornhuskers." The difference between the two volumes is the difference between black smoke and blue. Black smoke is malign; blue smoke is idyllic. Mr. Sandburg is not quite ready for idyls; his "Evangeline" is not yet in type: but give him time, prosperity, and another rosy-cheeked little girl or so, and he will write it. Even "Cornhuskers" is a fairly amiable and happy book, with compunctious reversions to oldtime severity. Between hay-mow and swimming-pool, Summer, the baggage, wins us even in a capitalistic world. The grassy bank might tempt another man, but we are revolutionists; and revolutionists, when they see grass, think of nothing but the aristocrat who bade the people eat it.

Mr. Sandburg has that *general* sense of the tremendousness of his own experience which is so stirring to its possessor and so little stirring to anybody else in the absence of confirmative particulars. He is always hurrying to a rendezvous with Apollo. Apollo's eagerness is less conspicuous than Mr. Sandburg's. The god, spoiled in childhood by a diet of Greek hexameters, finds perhaps something not quite palatable in the half-cooked free verse with which Mr. Sandburg garnishes his board. For all that, Mr. Sandburg has his good moments, his lease of inspiration, his dole of phrase. He can say prettily enough, "The sun rises and the sun sets in her eyes," and forcibly enough (of the lower instincts in man), "I am the keeper of the Zoo." But often, very often, he plans effects which he cannot execute; inspiration is unattainable, and he is left in the energetic but mortifying posture of the man who vehemently flags an inattentive train. I will add the fact that for me Mr. Sandburg is a studious, though hardly a skilful, writer; his very cat-calls are premeditated.

I like him best in the upright and generous mood which dictated the following words: "Out of white lips a question: Shall seven million dead ask for their blood a little land for the living wives and children, a little land for the living brothers and sisters?"

For Mr. Stephen Vincent Benét I have an unshakable respect, founded almost entirely on the ballad of "The Hemp" reprinted in his latest volume, "Young Adventure." That ballad, one of the best of recent years, I shall describe in a word as falcon-like,—keen of eye, strong in swoop, and not unworthy of a ducal wrist. The other poems are of a different kind, a hint of which may be obtained from seven consecutive titles: "The Breaking Point," "Lonely Burial," "Dinner in a Quick Lunch Room," "The Hemp," "Poor Devil," "Ghosts of a Lunatic Asylum," "The White Peacock." I will next set down three phrases from one short poem. "Blurts of crimson light Splashed the white grains like blood." "The Centaur stormed aside a froth of stars." "'Doubloons!' they said. The words crashed gold." Clearly, Mr. Benét does not intend that we shall fall asleep. The resolve is praiseworthy; but is he not far too modest in the assumption that, with respect to his verse, the only alternative to sleep is pandemonium?

Mr. Benét, like the rest of us, wishes to be intense, and the means he adopts is the congregation of intensities. For me, the true way is to spare and space them. Mr. Benét is no niggard; he would almost burn his house down in order to streak with crimson the greyness of an apathetic sky. The madness is princely in its fashion; but when to-morrow comes, the house is lost and the sky is as grey as ever. Large effects seem cheaply purchasable in a style in which the jewels in a sword-hilt become suns. But bargains are often illusory; and when you have turned your rubies into suns, your sun is nothing but a ruby.

Mr. Benét is thought to be a colorist; a trader in dye-stuffs, I should rather say. Is he not at heart a dramatist and balladist led astray by the suggestion that his talent is pictorial? I may add that Mr. C. B. Tinker, in a foreword which is dubious of poetry and scornful of criticism, says, with apparent reference to Mr. Benét, that poetry may be saved by a return to the obvious. That gate to salvation is always open, but Mr. Benét is hardly the lodge-keeper.

Mr. Max Eastman, in his preface to the unbosomments of "Colors in Life," declines to live exclusively in the fortunes of the proletariat. Under his pulpit there is a cell. "Life is older than liberty." The position is sound. One wonders sometimes what certain excellent social reformers would do in a new world in which success had robbed existence of its mainspring. In Hardy's "Woodlanders" an old man's hatred of a spreading tree that darkens his window has become the obsession of his life; the tree is removed, and he expires forthwith. The fall of the upas-tree of capitalism might have a like effect on its bewildered enemies.

Against this fate Mr. Eastman has provided safeguards. He is a thinker on verse. His short "Colors in Life" contains no less than three prefaces. He not only proffers us his wine; he treads the grapes in our presence. I am rash enough to prefer the treading to the beverage. "American Ideals in Poetry" is so ingenious and quick-minded that I shall recommend its purchase to our library and its perusal to a class of my students. I can imagine Mr. Eastman's receiving this fact (should rumor bring it to his ears) with the shock with which a mixer of fiery liquors for the heartening of buccaneers might learn that they were prized by a spinster for the watering of her geraniums. If paper were cheap and editors placable, I should be glad to spend a column or two in comment on Mr. Eastman's view, with which my disagreements are extensive. But I shall forbear. Let me say merely that Mr. Eastman's opacities are as remarkable as his perspicuities, and that the style has the nimbleness and *insouciance* which, in his hands and Mr. Dell's, has made the *Liberator* one of the best written of our current publications.

I come—a little unwillingly—to the poetry. I like the singer, on the whole, better in his immature verse, before he had oriented —shall I say, *East*manized?—himself, than in the output of his ripened manner. These later poems are self-indulgent; they are self-tormenting; they indulge, we might almost say, in self-torment. They are cool and feverish; they are pallid and flushed. One of them is called "Fire and Water," and in their mixture of ardor and languor they suggest a fiery element viewed through an aqueous medium. Mr. Eastman, indeed, loves water,—the rain, the river, the sea (characteristically, he burns in the rain); his thought, his verse, have the slipperiness of water; his contours are the shifting lines of fluid, and his very colors remind me of watered silk. In his search for the *curiosa felicitas*, he is rewarded oftener by the *curiosa* than by the *felicitas*. Even excluding the "Earlier Poems," his best lyrics—"Isadora Duncan" and "Diogenes"—are the least characteristic; a fact in which his method is judged.

O. W. Firkins

The Jews under the Czars

History of the Jews in Russia and Poland. By S. M. Dubnow. Translated from the Russian by I. Friedlaender. Volume II. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society.

BECAUSE of their vast numbers and their intense cultural activities the Jews of Russia and Poland form the backbone of scattered Israel. Their extraordinary mental virility is conspicuous not only in Russia itself, where, despite all persecutions and restrictions, they have managed to play an important part in general Russian affairs, but also in the other lands to which the fugitives from Russian Czardom have wended their way. Their influence is also felt in this country, where they form the bulk of the Jewish population and where many of them have attained to considerable success in both our economic and our cultural life. A history of Russo-Polish Jewry has long been a desideratum. Dr. Dubnow's work is intended to fill this want.

In the first volume of his work, which appeared in 1916, the

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author gave an account of the Jews in Poland. Strictly speaking, Russia proper has never permitted the Jews to cross its boundaries. The so-called Jewry of Russia represents the Jews of the ancient Polish Empire who, beginning with the first partition of Poland in 1772, have gradually passed under the sway of the Czars. The Pale of Jewish Settlement, which forms but one-twentieth of Russian territory, and to which the Jews of Russia were confined until the downfall of Czardom, is practically identical with the boundaries of the ancient Polish Empire.

The settlement of the Jews in Poland goes back to very early times. Beginning with the twelfth century, there was a large influx of Jews from German-speaking lands, whence they were driven by the crusades and incessant persecutions. These Jewish immigrants were heartily welcomed by the rulers of Poland on account of their commercial usefulness, and they soon became a determining factor in the economic life of Poland. Owing to the peculiar class structure of the Polish state, they were granted comprehensive autonomy, which enabled them to develop a culture of their own, remarkable for its intensity, though marred by one-sidedness. After the downfall of Poland, the lion's share of which fell to Russia, the Empire of the Czars, which had until that time excluded the Jews, suddenly became the largest centre of Jewry. Russian autocracy, faithful to its deeply ingrained and anti-Jewish tradition, was necessarily hostile to this newly acquired population. The manifestations of this hostility—whether in the form of restrictions, persecutions, and massacres, or of more or less candid conversionist endeavors—represent the external history of Russian Jewry under the old Russian régime.

The history of the Russian Jews under Alexander I, who established a Society of Israelitish Christians for the conversion of his Jewish subjects to the Greek-Orthodox Church, is told in the first volume. The second volume begins with the reign of Nicholas I, who was bent on detaching the Jews from their faith by all kinds of fiendish schemes, among them by the institution of Cantonists, that is, Jewish children forcibly seized from the arms of their mothers and brought up as soldiers in the outlying regions of the Empire, where they were subjected to physical tortures until they joined the Church. Alexander II adopted a kindlier attitude toward the Jews, in the hope of effecting their "fusion" with the Russian people, although he personally shared the anti-Jewish sentiments of his predecessor. Contrary to the time-honored Russian tradition, he permitted certain categories of Jews, such as big merchants, university graduates, and mechanics, to leave the Pale and settle in Russia proper. In spite of the numerous limitations on this permission, the Jews flocked from the suffocating Pale and settled in large numbers in the Russian interior, where they rapidly succeeded in becoming an important factor. Alexander III, however, endeavored to revoke the privilege granted by his father, causing the expulsion and ruin of untold thousands of Jews. Moreover, the so-called May laws of 1882 reduced substantially the area of Jewish settlement in the Pale itself by removing the Jews from the countryside where they had been established for centuries. Alexander's reign of fourteen years is one continuous story of restrictions and expulsions, and it introduced a new gruesome element into the anti-Jewish policy of Czardom —the pogrom, or the massacre of Jews, used as a lightning conductor to divert the discontent of the masses.

The cultural development of Russo-Polish Jewry presents a more cheerful aspect. Dr. Dubnow describes the remarkable culture of Polish Jewry, which was entirely dominated by Talmudic tradition. Practically every Polish Jew was a student of the Talmud, which has left its indelible impress upon the mentality of that section of Jewry. This narrowly circumscribed but extraordinarily active cultural life continued under the Russian régime. Alexander II's kindlier policy succeeded in de-Judaizing for a time the upper layers of the Russian-Jewish *intelligentsia*. But this drift toward assimilation was effectively checked by the recrudescence of the old anti-Jewish policies under Alexander III. The spark of Jewish nationalism, which had long been glimmering under the ashes, now burst forth into a blazing flame. This new spirit, which blends the ancient aspirations of Judaism with the ideals of progressive human society, has manifested itself in a great cultural revival, evidenced by the remarkable literature in Hebrew and Yiddish produced by Russian Jewry, and in the Zionist movement, of which the Jews of Russia have been the mainstay from the very beginning.

The third and concluding volume, which is promised for the near future, will deal with the reign of Nicholas II, the last of the Romanoffs. It will also contain the bibliography, maps, index, and other supplementary material. Mr. Dubnow's work, written in the fascinating style of this famous Russian-Jewish writer, will be heartily welcomed by every one interested in the past and present of the Jewish people.

At the Dangerous Age

The Letters of Anne Gilchrist and Walt Whitman. Edited by Thomas B. Harned. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.

WALT WHITMAN'S "Leaves of Grass" had been published ten years or so, gaining him few admirers among men, and among women none willing to admit their admiration, when the volume came into the hands of Mrs. Gilchrist, an Englishwoman, a middle-aged widow living quietly in the quiet English country, devoting her days to her children and managing her household on slender means. It seems likely from hints here and there in the biography written by her son that her busy days did not satisfy her, domestic duty leaving her no time for the literary work she would have preferred to do and had done so well when she finished her husband's Life of Blake. Into the midst of this life, crowded with cares that did not fill it, and when her fortieth birthday was already passed, the "Leaves of Grass" fell like a bomb. Mrs. Gilchrist was shaken to pieces, shaken out of all discretion, by the shock. Her letters on the subject to William Michael Rossetti are full of faith, ardor, enthusiasm, joy in the book's sudden revelation to her "that body is entirely a manifestation of Soul—*is* Soul." In her certainty that the revelation would not be understood by the world until a woman's sanction had been given it, she allowed the letters to be published as "A Woman's Estimate of Walt Whitman" in the Boston *Radical* for May, 1870. "O dear Walt, did you not feel in every word the breath of a woman's love?" she asked in the first letter of the correspondence with him that began sixteen months later. The wonder is that not only Walt Whitman, but every one who then read her fervent confession of faith, was not scorched by the passion of it without waiting for the key to its meaning which we now have. When she wrote directly to Walt Whitman there was no possibility of missing this meaning, no possibility of mistaking the unreservedness with which she offered herself to him. "She was the most courageous of women . . . She was not cold; she had her passions," Walt Whitman told Traubel, and certainly courage and passion were not wanting in the opening letter of the series (September 3, 1871), with its impassioned, its reckless appeal:

"In May, 1869, came the voice from over the Atlantic to me—O, the voice of my mate, it must be so—my love rises up out of the weary depths of the grief and tramples upon despair. I can wait—any time—a lifetime, many lifetimes—I can suffer, I can dare, I can learn, grow, toil, but nothing in life or death can tear out of my heart the passionate belief that one day I shall hear that voice say to me, 'My Mate, the One I so much want, Bride, Wife, indissoluble, eternal.' It is not happiness I plead with God for—it is the very life of my soul, my love is its life."

And so, in letter after letter, she yields herself to her passion, to the "stress and anxiety of painful emotion," as she puts it, with such abandonment that we almost turn away from the book as we read, we almost hesitate to quote so intimate and flaming an avowal of love. Her eloquence of language makes her agonizing the more poignant during the five long years when

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she wrote to him of her love and her longing. Nothing cooled her ardor. His letters—or the very few included in the present volume—are short, cruelly cold; and she writes to him of the "months of heart-wearying disappointment as I looked in vain for a letter."

In his first reply, Whitman wrote: "But I must at least show without further delay that I am not insensible to your love. I too send you my love. And do you feel no disappointment because I now write so briefly. My book is my best letter, my response, my truest explanation of all. In it I have put my body and spirit. You understand this better and fuller and clearer than any one else. And I too fully and clearly understand the loving letter it has evoked. Enough that there surely exists so beautiful and delicate a relation, accepted by both of us with joy."

Whitman's illness in 1873 discouraged her no more than his silence. Her mind was made up. She would come to him and care for him. He tried to dissuade her; he warned her in so many words that he did not approve her "American transsettlement." But, "headstrong and wilful" as he might think her, nothing could keep her from going, and she sailed for Philadelphia in the summer of 1876, bringing three of her four children and her furniture with her. We know that she saw much of Walt in Philadelphia, that he sat by her almost daily at her tea table, brought his friends to visit her, was kindly to her children—that the pleasantest of friendships grew up between them. But she stayed in America less than two years; furniture and children then made the journey back to England with her. The many letters that follow have in them no word of love, but instead only amiable gossip, friendly interest. Those who met Mrs. Gilchrist after her return to England remember her as a British matron in appearance, manners, and dress. Was there, perhaps, just a touch of the grotesque in the meeting between this mother and matron of almost fifty, consumed by a passion that went so ill with her years, and Walt Whitman, unresponsive, white-haired, white-bearded, infirm to a degree unwarranted by his age? Was she, perhaps, conscious of this? We can never know now; we can only know that of all love-letters ever given to the world, these of Mrs. Gilchrist's are the most tragic—from the first, aflame with love, to the last, with not so much as a spark left to warm its cold ashes. We used to think Mary Wollstonecraft's letters the saddest in literature; but at least before they were written, Imlay's love had been hers for a while. Mrs. Gilchrist's portion was unfulfilled desire and, it may be, bitter disillusionment when she realized her folly. It is to Walt Whitman's credit that, having refused the love of so ardent a woman, he could still retain her friendship. But the letters owe their interest not merely to the fact that they were written to Walt Whitman. They have literary merit, and an emotional sincerity that few writers of fiction have excelled or even equalled.

That they were worth publication there can be no doubt. The question is whether the time had come to give them to the public. Mr. Harned says he consulted his friends. But we think it was Mrs. Gilchrist's daughter who, above all others, should have been consulted. That she was not we gather from her note to the London *Nation* when the book was announced, protesting that never had her mother written love-letters to Walt Whitman.

Main Currents in American History

The Development of the United States. By Max Farrand. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.

THIS is a book for Europeans rather than Americans, although the latter may read it with profit. It is a good, brief survey which treats of the essential movements and events in the history of the United States; it is perhaps as good a story of the country as can be told within the limits of 340 small pages. Short as it is, there is a great deal in the book that most men of fair education do not know, and an interpretation which historians of standing have never thought of making.

The purpose of the work is indicated in the dedication to "the Allies in the hope of a better understanding." Although the purpose of the author is plain upon every page, it is equally plain that the scholar's point of view, perspective, and devotion to truth have not been sacrificed. The great purpose of American independence, the causes of the war of 1812, and the heartburnings of the Civil War period have been described without undue concessions. America is America, and if this had not been true the recent great struggle could not have ended as it has done. Professor Farrand is a liberal who understands the importance if not the spirit of the American love of equality.

His story of the Revolution and the Federalist reaction, of the western land hunger and the young American imperialism, of the Civil War and the great apostasy that followed it, is worth reading, even by historians. It gives just estimates of sectional motives, of economic forces, and of purely personal influences. For once the eyes of a New England historian see clearly and undimmed beyond the Potomac and even across the Mississippi; nor is the vision blurred by anxious solicitude lest unlearned men and mere common folk come into power. Mr. Farrand sees that Hayne was right in the great debate with Webster; yet he knows that it was better to be wrong with Webster than to be right with the Southerner. He sees that Bryan was right in the larger interests of 1896 and wrong only in the method of his reform; indeed it is made plain that we have to-day done everything that Bryan and his wild westerners agitated for, and we hardy realize that we have been in the least radical. So much for the soothing effect of time and for the increasing judgment of historians on vital social matters.

Yet there is something to be regretted in the narrative. Mr. Farrand has not fathomed the depths of the Revolutionary movement. The Declaration of Independence did not please the New England merchants; it did not, as is stated on page 44, satisfy the Virginia planters. The men who liked the levelling language of that famous plea were the New England farmers and the Pennsylvania-Virginia up-country men. These two groups of the population composed the two legs of the Revolution. The planters could have cast Jefferson into outer darkness for his sins of 1776, his reforms and his equalitarianism. Did not low-country planters pray to God in that trying time for the death of both Patrick Henry and Lord Dunmore?

Nor can one agree that the Federal Constitution was the act of the people, except in the most strained interpretation of the meaning of the term "people." Of course Chief Justice Marshall declared this to be the fact and many others have accepted the dictum of the great judge. But historians must not accept dicta, even from the greatest of judges, as facts. While the author in this accepts the older traditions, he departs from traditional interpretations when he comes to treat reconstruction as administered by Congress in 1866. He says that in view of the brutalities of history the treatment of the Southerners was generous. Neither Lee nor Davis was beheaded, and when the fit of anger, intensified by the assassination of Lincoln, passed, all the Confederates were released from prison.

The plan was "actuated by a variety of motives in which vindictiveness was far outweighed by political policy." Vindictiveness was perhaps more important than Mr. Farrand suggests. It was not hatred of the South, however, that made of the Fourteenth Amendment an agency for the super-protection of property and lamed it as a means of protecting the freedmen. It was the rise and growth of industrialism to proportions undreamed of elsewhere in the world that concerned the leaders of the reconstruction party. While the author does not fully recognize the tremendous importance of this latter theme, he does point out that an abundant supply of cheap labor, absolute control of States and national legislation, and occasional mastery of the courts, enabled business men to assume and play to perfection the same rôle in the country's affairs that the slaveholders had played so well before the elevation of Lincoln to office. Instead of the easy-going, lank, frock-coated gentlemen of the Jefferson Davis type, the capital accustomed itself to a

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quicker sort of men, dressed in sack coats, trim derby hats, and bright and shining boots. If the one had exercised the powers of government with a steady and unrelenting grip, the other knew how to make quick and arbitrary decisions in the language of command. The new era had come, but the spirit of the old remained; and one might almost ask what the Civil War had all been about.

Mechanical Romance

The Villa Rossignol. By Maria Longworth Storer. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co.

The Island of Intrigue. By Isabel Ostrander. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

Suspense. By Isabel Ostrander. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

Ashton Kirk, Criminologist. By John T. McIntyre. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Co.

The Three Strings. By Natalie Sumner Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Golden Bough. By George Gibbs. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Laughing Girl. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Close-Up. By Margaret Turnbull. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Shielding Wing. By Will Levington Comfort. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

TWO or three of these narratives almost deserve a more generous classification than our caption indicates; but their studied ingenuity of plot fairly exposes them to our present rating. The publisher of "The Villa Rossignol" has gone so far as to provide a grave introduction by a reverend member of the Society of Jesus, in which the "lesson" is drawn from the story "that without God and morality this world would be such a passing show of intellectual perversion as should make the angels weep." The special illustration has to do with a tendency of de-Christianized Europe to revert to paganism—or rather to the inert sensualism of the Orient. However, on the surface it is a well-spun yarn of an English girl who, in conjunction with a priceless necklace, fall into the hands of a trafficker in white slaves for the harems of the East. The necessary fine young chap comes along with his succor in due season, but by a gratifyingly narrow margin. "The Island of Intrigue" is a book of thrills that heaps up good measure by concealing its machinery, by reflecting a good sense of humor in an excellent style, and by approaching as near real characterization as this kind of book can afford to. The situation of a millionaire's daughter kidnapped by a gang of famous criminals and marooned on an island, would not appear to offer much opportunity for a fresh-flavored yarn to-day; but this writer almost justifies the publisher's daring in putting the legend, "Try to skip a page," on the jacket, and then leaving the pages uncut! "Suspense," by the same writer, is of cruder substance and manner—another story of a secret gang of criminals ruled by a "master mind" and destined to be braved and exposed by a damsel of high degree. It is a city yarn, with midnight murders, hidden safes, code letters, street chases, and no end of action in the mechanical sense. Of this sort also is "Ashton Kirk, Criminologist," the nominal setting here being London instead of New York, but the real scene lying in that Coney Island of the fancy where thrills and penny adventures are included in the price of admission.

These yarns make no use of the war, but the rest of our list do so very frankly. "The Three Strings" is a murder, chess, love, and secret service yarn, with the action in Washington, and an elaborate structure of false stagings, dissolving scenery, and trick exits, about which we wander helplessly till the voluptuous moment when the author chooses to take us by the hand and show us how simple the whole lay-out really is. There is a very faint pretense here of concerning us with real people and events. The machine's the thing, and we pay our money to see the wheels go round. "The Golden Bough" belongs to the adventure story rather than the pure "detective" fabrication. It is the kind of tale recognized as "rattling good" because so many things "happen" in it without giving us anything either to think or to worry about. Let the hero get his head bashed: it's part of his job and won't do him any real harm. Let the heroine be abandoned by the villain or the elements: she can neither drown nor be undone. Here, an American of the Foreign Legion escapes from a German prison camp into Switzerland, becomes in a trice the head of a great secret order —a world-revolutionary order, as we gather. Ex officio he is guardian of its treasure. That treasure is at once stolen by a treacherous fellow of the order, a German spy of course, and rapt away into Germany, as well as the Russian princess who naturally goes with it. Our hero's task is simply to go into Germany and recover the treasure and the princess, which he does. But oh dear, what a lot of trouble he has to go through first! "The Laughing Girl" is on an even franker level of absurdity. The young American is with us again, in war time and in Switzerland. He has inherited an inn in the mountains, but must live there a year to make good his title. The inn must be kept open for company. About him miraculously assembles a retinue of domestics who, from the outset, as it were, appear more than they seem. Next arrive, incogniti but by no means unrecognizable, Ferdinand of Bulgaria and the exiled royalty of Greece. Add an American secret service man and various Prussian and Russian intriguers and you have the happy household. There is a princess in the group, but she is not the prize; each of our young Americans, however, draws a duchess of royal extraction, which is doing well enough for all practical purposes. Mr. Chambers has never written more deliberate "rot." He makes a very pretty apology for it in the neat verses of his foreword. Still, we feel that his modest opinion of himself should not lead him to generalize, in a book of this sort, about the "typical American author" as "one of the Bolsheviki of literature whose unlettered Bolshevik readers are recruited from the same audience that understands and roars with laughter at the German and Jewish jokes which compose the librettos of our New York musical comedies." There are a good many of us who find no special diversion from the anguish of the world in the studied vulgarity of a book like this, with its German jokes and its smirking over bare toes and lingerie. In his indignation at critics, Mr. Chambers seems unable to grasp the fact that what they dislike about him is not his morals, but his smirk.

"The Close-Up" is a fable of more novel content. For one thing, the heroine is not a princess or even a duchess; though, on second thought, we may admit that in an American setting a movie star may be accepted as a fair equivalent. This one has gone West from a New York office, to be secretary of a new moving-picture concern. Chance submits her to the screen "tests"; and she is made. The atmosphere of the open-air "studios" of the Los Angeles region is conveyed without either scorn or awe; and the routine of movie life there and "on location" is described simply and well. Meanwhile a story of love and mystery worthy (as the author admits) of the movies, is going on underneath. It involves a lost lover of the heroine's (now a member of the American Secret Service), some German plotters, and so on; a very respectable yarn in itself. With all its air of mystical impressiveness, "The Shielding Wing" is a far more mechanical affair. A secret brotherhood that works through hidden agencies the world over for the triumph of Humanity; an American adventurer, an Austrian Secret Service man; two wonderful women in Peking; secret passages, disguise, flight; a sacred mating without marriage, the villain foiled;—of such matters is compounded this heavily seasoned and pompously served tid-bit of the literary lunch-counter.

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Books in Brief

DEPRESSION with regard to American creative and cultural life is the prevailing note in Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's "Letters and Leadership" (Huebsch; $1). The same arguments against the country which Mr. Brooks offers we have heard repeatedly put forward, but seldom has this despair been voiced with such dignity and passion. It is the depth of Mr. Brooks's feeling which gives force to his fresh phrases and vivifies the melancholy state of affairs. "Old American things are old as nothing else anywhere in the world is old, old without majesty, old without mellowness, old without pathos, just shabby and bloodless and worn out." Because America has never been inhabited by a race that cultivated life for its own sake, it has lost the principle of growth. Our faith in the individual has produced for us cranks, not artists, and has deprived us of leaders who might tap the sources of our creative energies. Our possessive impulses, abnormally stimulated by a continent to be subdued first and then to be worked for the sake of "progress," have warred with our creative impulses and won. Puritanism, "putting to shame the charms of life, . . . unleased the acquisitive instincts of men." Consequently, the younger generation, ill-equipped with literature or leaders, without sanction of necessity for acquisition, finds itself astray. Critics and philosophers might have arisen to discover a new faith, but this they have failed to do. The former are without sympathy for the younger writers, and the latter teach pragmatism, which enthrones the intelligence rather than the imagination. Out of such melancholy no hope arises. Mr. Brooks has little anticipation even of " a student class united in a common discipline and forming a sort of natural breeding-ground for the leadership that we desire." Have we not fair ground for complaint against Mr. Brooks, however? Upon him rests a distinct responsibility for something more serviceable than mere complaint and counsels of despair. Could he not turn critic and encourage us by pointing out and commending such centres of culture and such organs of opinion as there are among us? With all their faults and failures, which no one wishes minimized, they nevertheless exist and maintain a certain degree of hopeful activity. Perhaps by such coöperation with them Mr. Brooks might help make it possible to retain on this side of the Atlantic our future Henry Jameses and Whistlers, or even to add enough warmth to our civilization for the incubation of like writers and artists.

FOR "The Romance of Old Philadelphia" (Lippincott; $4.50), Mr. John T. Faris has consulted manuscripts and genealogical records belonging to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, the files of the *Pennsylvania Historical Magazine*, and rare books in the Philadelphia Library. This is only as it should be. But it is not easy to understand why, after turning to some of the chief sources of information, Mr. Faris should make a virtue of having "resisted the temptation to examine 'Watson's Annals of Philadelphia.'" It would be about as wise to write of the Christian religion without "examining" the Bible, as of old Philadelphia without reference to Watson's "Annals." Mr. Faris's material is none the more valuable because he deprives himself "of the use of a compilation that has been for many years a source of inspiration and a mine of information to the students of Philadelphia's history"; nor, by ignoring these students as well as Watson, does he achieve originality. His methods and results are much the same as those of other compilers of the many books about old Philadelphia. His subject is of interest to every American, his material is abundant, his quotations covering the town's history from the coming of William Penn until the last days of the eighteenth century are always suggestive and often amusing. But we can not see that, from beginning to end, he throws any new light on a delightful but a well-worn theme. He follows in his quotations the first adventurers who crossed the sea to settle in Pennsylvania; he borrows from old documents passages to describe the growth of their town, the development of its life and customs and business, the leading part it took in the Revolution, the distinction it held as the first headquarters of the President and Government of the United States. And he illustrates this survey of Philadelphia's past with reproductions of paintings and prints and photographs that, necessarily, have seldom the merit of novelty. In details of arrangement the book may vary from similar compilations; but, like them, it is a compilation and nothing else—a series of quotations strung more or usually less ingeniously together.

THE process of political democratization of the world now includes conscious effort to fit women for intelligent and effective contribution to the social movement of which that process is a part. Four recent books show the marked stimulus given to both securing and preparing for woman suffrage by the great war, and by the enfranchisement of the women of the Empire State and other Commonwealths of the United States. Mary Sumner Boyd's "The Woman Citizen" (Stokes; $1.50), comes with official claim to consideration from the author's position as Chairman of the Research Department of the Leslie Commission, and from its Introduction by Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt. It contains source-book appendices and a good index, and is invaluable to the new woman voter. It shows clearly the rights not secured even by the ballot, but waiting for special legislation—in particular, the fundamental right of self-determination of national allegiance now denied to married women by the Naturalization laws, which make a woman's citizenship follow that of her husband. Nothing is more needed now than to resolve the inconsistencies of laws as they effect women into a clear and logical application of the principle of equality of rights, and this book is a distinct help in this direction. Dr. Horace A. Hollister's "The Woman Citizen" (Appleton; $1.75), is written from the standpoint of an educator, and is an attempt to "estimate woman's place in life." Its contention that women have some distinctive values to contribute to the electorate is not only sound, but already proved by experience. The bibliography is excellent. Mrs. Helen R. Robinson's sparkling and epigrammatic expression of political and social commonsense are at their best in her book on "Preparing Women for Citizenship" (Macmillan; $1). The effort of the Young Women's Christian Association to prepare its large constituency for usefulness in the new political duties is praiseworthy; and Mrs. Mary Austin's "The Young Woman Citizen" (Woman's Press Co.; $1.35), is assured in advance of a wide reading. It deals thoughtfully with the national and international issues now claiming the conscientious attention and activity of young women. It is a good sign of the times that so many volumes, carefully and seriously prepared, like the above, are coming from the best publishing houses in token of widespread determination to prepare women for the highest usefulness in their new citizenship.

IN her preface to "Corn from Olde Fieldes: An Anthology of English Poems from the XIVth to the XVIIth Century with Biographical Notes" (Lane; $1.50), Eleanor M. Brougham expressly says: "I am purposely excluding from this Anthology many of the masterpieces which have received the homage of a long succession of generations. The poems printed here are chosen from those that have descended so plentifully upon us, yet threaten through neglect to disappear altogether." And, in so far as she has carried out her purpose, she has succeeded, wittingly or not, in justifying the world's judgment of the poetry under consideration. There is practically nothing in the volume that compares for beauty and worth with works by the same authors that are still current in the mouths and hearts of men. Drayton's sonnet, "Valediction," is reckoned among our most treasured works of art, and deservedly so; his "How Many Paltry, Foolish, Painted Things," on the contrary, thoroughly merits the oblivion from which the present compiler seeks to rescue it. "Greensleeves was all my joy" owes whatever interest it possesses solely to its Falstaffian associations. It might be mildly interesting to have the whole of "Hey Robin, merry Robin," but it is very doubtful if it would prove intrinsi-

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cally worth preserving. There is little excuse for including a fragment of the "King's Quair," which is accessible in Rossetti's "King's Tragedy." "His Epitaph," by Stephen Hawes, is the source of two familiar lines, whose authorship is not, we believe, generally known. The lines in question,

> For though the daye be never so long,
> At last the bells ringeth to evensong,

are given in Fox's "Book of Martyrs" as having been quoted at the stake by Tankerfield in 1555.

MR. IRVING K. POND, a Chicago architect and one time President of the American Institute of Architects, has undertaken in a volume on "The Meaning of Architecture" (Marshall Jones Co., $2) "to present . . . the results of an earnest and constant search for the sublime essence of . . . an animating spirit which manifested itself in crystalline clarity in the art of the Greeks and which has continued to abide in architecture even to the present day," although often misapplied and its existence even denied. As nearly as the reviewer can condense the author's philosophy into a few words, all architecture is to be regarded as the conscious embodiment of the spirit of each race or age, as manifested in its effort to express visibly the actions and reactions of physical forces. Mr. Pond refuses to consider architecture as based primarily on utilitarian needs, or as developing its forms historically under the interplay of complex forces, style growing out of style in sequences of growth and decay. He is impatient of the archæologists and historians of the art; dates and derivations he scorns; planning he ignores. Architecture is for him made up of details which express tension and compression: the Doric column he compares to a forearm and hand holding up a load; he fancies a philosophical relation between the facial types of races and the details of their buildings. With the Greeks, "wherever a male figure suggests support [whatever that may mean] the background will be found to be Doric; wherever the female figure symbolizes structural force the setting will be found to be Ionic." In the Caryatide porch of the Erechtheum the dentils of the cornice suggest the *plus* signs used by modern engineers to express compression; the horizontal bands of the architrave the *minus* sign of tension, and the uncut rosettes of the upper band the *zeros* of the neutral axis! Inasmuch as it is the architrave that carries the load of the cornice, which is under no strain, this would show, if anything, that the upper part of the architrave was neutral and the cornice under compression, and that the Greeks were thus expressing only their ignorance. It is hard to be patient with such absurdities, for which the author produces no evidence from Greek or any other literature. Mr. Pond's literary style is agreeable and engaging; one can only regret that such skill and so much thought should have gone astray on so fantastic a path.

IT is through no fault of Chaucer's, says Mr. Francis Watt in his interesting book, "Canterbury Pilgrims and Their Ways" (Dodd, Mead, $3.50), that his work is responsible for two misconceptions—"one, that the majority of pilgrims started from the Tabard and its neighborhood, that is from Southwark, the other that the Pilgrimage was merely a sort of pious picnic." Indeed, Chaucer himself expressly says:

> And specially from every schires ende
> Of Engelond to Caunterbury they wende,
> The holy blissful martir for to seeke,
> That hem hath holpen whan that they were seeke.

Still, it is with the "main route" that our author is chiefly concerned. As regards the motives actuating the mediæval pilgrimage, they doubtless varied with the individual, and even in him they were, as a rule, more or less mixed. In Mr. Watt's words: "In the pilgrimage you had fresh air, wholesome exercise, probably better food than usual, since to entertain you was the duty of everybody; your mind was at rest, nay elated by the consciousness that you were doing a good work. Whatever their shortcomings, the Middle Ages were times of intense belief and perfect devotion." In this connection the author makes the suggestion that it was perhaps some such devotional feeling that prevented Chaucer from taking his pilgrims into Canterbury: "To him and the men of his time there was something awful and impressive about the shrine of Saint Thomas; he could not treat it in a jesting way, and he must have felt that it would be incongruous suddenly to adopt a profoundly devotional tone; it would have suited ill with the bulk of his work; it would have suited ill with the temper of mind in which he wrote the series." Among other matter, the book contains an account of the martyrdom of Thomas à Becket and a history of the shrine from its inauguration by Henry II to its destruction by Henry VIII. Considering its past popularity, it seems to have been strangely unlamented in its fall, nor was any attempt to restore it made by Cardinal Pole, the last Catholic Archbishop of Canterbury. A chapter is devoted to the life of Chaucer, another to the town of Canterbury, and one to "other routes and places."

MR. A. E. GRANTHAM'S "Pencil Speakings from Peking" (Macmillan; $4), is a mysterious book at first sight. It lacks preface, introduction, chapter headings, index, and illustrations. But before the first page has been read through we have forgotten everything except the rare charm of presentation, the unusual vocabulary, and the stimulating poetry and philosophy of the author's ideas. The volume is, in effect, a history of China, written with all the fascination of a book of fiction. Olden emperors of whose names we have heard only through some bit of pottery or time-stained kakemono are, through translations of rare manuscripts and the alchemy of the author's mind, made to live and their personalities and policies to become vivid. Very unusual qualities are combined in this historian—subtle humor, delicate sarcasm, unexpected similes and comparisons of ancient régimes with modern American conditions. These follow one another quickly on the same page, all linked and balanced with carefully chosen language which is as spontaneous as it is cultured. The final chapter reveals a new side—a very beautiful essay on museums and their Chinese contents, serving as a graceful introduction to an account of the flight of the Empress Dowager from her palace and her later adventures. This is an unusual volume, and a worthy and permanent addition to literature.

A RECENT addition to "The World's Classics" (Oxford University Press) is Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina." The present translation of the great Russian novel is the work of Louise and Aylmer Maude, the latter of whom contributes an enlightening preface. It is well known that Tolstoi was addicted to putting much of himself and his friends into his characters, which gives his novels considerable autobiographical value. Probably in none of his characters has he so frankly depicted himself as in Levin, the hero of "Anna Karenina." Other characters in the book that are taken from life are Agatha, the old servant, and Nicholas Levin, who is Tolstoi's brother Dmitri. The description of Levin's estate is largely drawn from Tolstoi's own patrimony, Yasnaya Polyana. Prefixed to the novel is a list of almost a hundred and fifty characters mentioned in it, with accents to indicate their proper pronunciation.

MR. W. E. CARSON, "former American correspondent of the Northcliffe papers," has published a lengthy volume of adulation of Lord Northcliffe, "Britain's Man of Power" (Dodge Publishing Co.; $2). Those who wish the point of view of an employee who sees very little wrong in the ethics of the Harmsworth brothers will find herein many interesting anecdotes of a man whom imperialists the world over and those who blindly admire the men "who do things" consider a great international figure. Those who believe in ideals in journalism, the success of Northcliffe through his lottery schemes (some of which, it is generally believed, had to be discontinued at the request of his Government) is one of the most discouraging phenomena of the day. That such a man should at times in this war have dominated English political life, driven Asquith from his premiership, and dictated his successor, is a circumstance upon

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which future historians will dwell with amazement. Mr. Carson thinks that Northcliffe's fault is only that he has "succeeded too well." To his maxim, "To foresee is to rule," Mr. Carson attributes his great success. Some day a really critical study of Northcliffe will be made by a competent historian. It is safe to say that such a study will have nothing in common with the present book.

MISS ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN'S little collection of nature studies, "On the Manuscripts of God" (Abingdon Press; $1), has quite unusual merits—a faculty for minute and accurate observation combined with a power of generalizing from a large assemblage of data, enthusiasm with a sense of humor, wide reading with fancy, and a vigorous style. The nature studies and the literary background are thoroughly American, as befits a countrywoman of Thoreau's. Her themes include the marvels wrought by water in all its forms, the chemical laboratory in constant operation called the soil, the world of scents and odors, the appeals of sounds to the ear and the assaults upon it, the services rendered by "our brothers the trees"—a paper that would have pleased Stevenson. The treatment is delicate and suggestive, and should open the reader's eyes to the old, unfailing wells of æsthetic and intellectual pleasures which are always close at hand, while pointing the way to fresh discoveries of treasure-trove. Nor is the distinctively feminine touch absent. It is possible that many a woman, as well as "that piebald miscellany, man," has overlooked, or disregarded, Nature's fondness for the polka dot. If so, the evidence marshalled by Miss Sherman will convince her (or him) that Nature is very much of a woman—in fact, Dame Nature. If the gratified reviewer might add a word of counsel in the writer's ear, it would be to work more toward the general calm of her subjects—to be "like Nature strong, like Nature cool."

THERE is a popular kind of pulpit eloquence, made up largely of anecdotes, personal reminiscences, quotations of verse, and statements intended to dazzle and arrest. The style is lively, exclamatory, not to say spasmodic. With such eloquence the Reverend F. W. Boreham, an antipodean minister, is dowered, and he must be a rousing preacher to "sit under." He has thought well, apparently, to publish fragments of his discourses under the attractive titles, "The Luggage of Life," "The Silver Shadow," "The Golden Milestone" (Abingdon Press; $1.25 each), and he has dignified them with the name of essays. They tend to edification, but the moralizings are not profound, and are unredeemed by literary charm.

WHEN the rural church seeks to put the fear of God into its self-centered and narrow-minded community, it turns to-day to courses in dancing and sex hygiene and, for its foreign population, English, not omitting to offer motion pictures of the popular sort, to provide employment for various trades in a crafts shop or to re-organize the local fire department. Mr. Richard Morse, under the title "Fear God in Your Own Village" (Holt; $1.30), tells the story of his enlivening experience as minister in a small town to which he had come from the seminary and "a year as social survey investigator," and in which he remained at the price of losing a deacon or two and a remnant of the elect.

"A DICTIONARY of Military Terms" (Crowell; $2.50), by Edward S. Farrow, contains, besides a comprehensive lexicon of military terms with definitions, a list of over 300 abbreviations in general use and a series of plates showing insignia and distinguishing marks of various arms of the service. The matter here contained is brought strictly up to date, and includes much information for which it would be vain to seek elsewhere. And this is true not only of ultra-modern words such as "drum fire," "artillery barrage," and the like, but also of such highly technical expressions as "total rectangle" and "obliquity table," which we fail to find in the "Century."

Literary Notes

"Wild Youth" is the title of Sir Gilbert Parker's forthcoming novel, which the Lippincott Co. announces for early issue.

"On Society," which is announced as "the final instalment of Mr. Frederic Harrison's literary and social studies," is soon to appear with the Macmillan imprint.

Dr. William Roscoe Thayer's collection of war essays and articles, to be brought out this month by Doubleday, Page & Co., will be entitled "Volleys from a Non-Combatant."

A series of lectures on Anglo-American relations, delivered last winter by Professor A. C. McLaughlin of the University of Chicago, will be published at once in book form by Messrs. Dutton.

At the time of his death a few months ago, Dr. Charles R. Van Hise had completed a work on "Conservation and Regulation During the War," and it will be published this month by the Macmillan Co.

Thomas Humphry Ward's "English Poets" is so widely and favorably known that the announcement of an additional volume (the fifth), carrying the tale from Browning to Rupert Brooke, will be welcomed by poetry lovers everywhere.

We understand that the collection of Swinburne's Letters, upon which Edmund Gosse and Thomas Wise have been long engaged, and which has been eagerly awaited on both sides of the Atlantic, will not appear in America until early spring.

General Peyton C. March, Chief of Staff of the United States Army, has contributed an introduction to a "History of the World War" written by his brother, Dr. Francis A. March of Lafayette College, assisted by Richard J. Beamish. The book will be published early this month by the John C. Winston Co.

Shakespeare students and lovers will rejoice in the news that another volume in the great Variorum edition, edited by Horace Howard Furness, jr., in succession to his famous father, is nearly ready for publication. "King John" is the subject of the forthcoming volume, which will constitute the nineteenth of the series.

The story of Vilhjálmur Stefánsson's latest Arctic journey will be told by himself in a volume announced for early publication by Macmillan. Stefánsson left for the North in June, 1913, and only recently reappeared after five years of adventurous exploration in the uncharted waters lying between the Alaskan coast and the North Pole.

The author of "The Diary of a German Soldier," which Mr. Knopf will publish this month, fought in the German army on the Western and Eastern fronts during the first three years of the war. Finally, being wounded at Verdun, he was transferred to the auxiliary troops building fortifications along the Danish border in Schleswig, and thence escaped to Denmark.

The title of Joseph Conrad's new novel, scheduled for publication this month, is "The Arrow of Gold." "As to time," says the book itself, "it is easily fixed by events. About the middle years of the seventies, when Don Carlos de Bourbon, encouraged by the general reaction of all Europe against the excesses of communistic Republicanism, made his attempt for the throne of Spain."

The Life of Mr. Lloyd George, by Harold Spender, which was announced with a decided flourish in the English press not long ago, has fallen under the official ban and will not appear. Mr. Clement Shorter, from whose literary page in the *Sphere* we cull this item, believes that the book dwells with too great eloquence upon Mr. Lloyd George's democratic enthusiasms to be altogether opportune at this time.

John Drinkwater, the English poet, has essayed the difficult task of writing a poetic drama having Abraham Lincoln for its central figure. His work is founded, he tells us, on Lord Charnwood's biography; and according to one reviewer, "it does manage to present a credible Lincoln, clumsily heroic and uncouthly great, who saves a nation without ceasing to be slightly grotesque. The verse choruses between the scenes are a new device in a stage-play, derived from the more elaborate interludes in 'The Dynasts.'"

"John Ayscough" (the Right Rev. Monsignor Count Bickerstaffe-Drew, Duke of Torre Mona, LL.D., K.H.S., C.F., A.P.C., B.D.) comes to New York next March in pursuance of two objects: to offer his personal thanks to the American universities from which he has received honorary degrees in acknowledgment of his services to literature, and to begin here his tour of lecturing on literary and kindred subjects. There is, indeed, a third reason: for, a traveller and observer of gusto and sympathy, he will sum up his "First Impressions of America" and his "Second Thoughts in America" in two volumes that will appear during and after his visit.

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Art

The Academy and the Public Library

IT is hard to say whether it is more astonishing that the National Academy of Design should still be homeless or that its annual exhibition should be so insignificant. Other institutions in other towns manage to give far better shows. But the Academy seems not only to have got into a rut, but not to want to get out of it.

Unfortunately, the older generation—the generation of Winslow Homer, Chase, and Duveneck—is passing, and so far the younger generation contents itself with playing at second-hand revolt. But even the re-echo of Post-Impressionism and its offshoots could not be more dull than the endeavor to gain distinction by copying the men who have achieved it. If one painter will but lead the way, the many follow like sheep. The exhibition, for instance, abounds in "Friends of Childe Hassam," who, if they survive, will bewilder the Morellis and Berensons of the future. Childe Hassam may repeat himself, but he has the right to, though I do not think he gains by repetition. His "Tanagra, The Builders, New York," is an amazingly clever piece of work—clever in the dexterous scheme of pale yellows and golds as he carries it out, in the curtains hanging across the background, and the gown of the woman standing by the window; clever in the simple rendering of the pale flowers in the bowl on the table; clever in the daring bringing together of the whole pale scheme by one vivid note of strong color in the little figure the woman holds up so delicately against the light. But Childe Hassam has before this shown paintings no less clever in which the cleverness was overshadowed by beauty. However, his most accomplished followers can not equal his cleverness—not even Daniel Garber, who, in his "Mending," seems striving to be Hassam rather than himself. If Richard Miller and Frederick Frieseke are always themselves, they threaten far more than Hassam to exhaust their own motives and themes by frequent repetition. The sun shines with the old familiar effect of light on Miller's lady as she lounges in her "Garden Seat"; her opened parasol provides the old familiar effect of shadow. Frieseke's "Girl in Blue," a mere lay figure under her draperies, is his excuse to show again how delightfully he can paint the pattern of a wall-paper or the cover of a couch. Both paintings have their charm, but a charm from which the freshness begins to fade.

War is not yet with us so hackneyed a subject that it should have lost its inspiration, but there is small trace of inspiration in the Academy's few war pictures; certainly none in F. Luis Mora's "Liberators," a cross between Doré and Tanner, nor even in George Bellows's "Massacre at Dinant," much lauded though Bellows has been for all his war work. Indeed, on the strength of it, he has been at once elected to the Institute of Art and Letters, the members forgetting that the genius of to-day is not always the genius of to-morrow, and that it is wiser, therefore, to await to-morrow's verdict. Whatever fame Bellows may attain in the future, it will hardly be based on these paintings and lithographs. As he has not been to the front, they have no value as a record of facts. Their usefulness in the propaganda of the moment has been because of the story they tell and not the art with which they tell it. The picture he showed in the Avenue of the Allies preached a sermon against war by the plain crude statement in it of the blood and gore and butchery of which war is made. It succeeded, but art had nothing to do with its success. The "Massacre at Dinant" has no greater merit as a work of art, and no eloquence whatever as a sermon. There is no terror in this group of people whose clothes are as clean as if put on for a holiday; the nuns at one end of the group are in robes of spotless, almost dazzling white. Nor is there emotion in the forced, exaggerated gestures, the contorted faces. You get far more emotion in the smallest, simplest of Spencer Pryse's lithographs now hanging in the Allied War Salon, or from Wolff's real horrors which he has seen and recorded in one terrific canvas. Bellows, perhaps, has been too far from the trenches, too remote from the horrors of invasion and devastation, to feel the tragedy himself, and so he has been unable to convey it to others. Nor does he offer in place of the sympathy his theme should excite any beauty of color or composition or surface, any dignity or breadth of draughtsmanship—his draughtsmanship is pitiful. The war portraits are as colorless, much the best of them William T. Smedley's large life-size of Edward D. Smedley. It gives the quality, the freshness of youth in the face, though somewhat too effeminately, and the khaki of the seated figure harmonizes pleasantly with the simple brown background.

It is not only the war portraits that fail to interest. One asks in despair whether it is the sitter with personality who has ceased to exist, or the painter with an eye for character who has ceased to paint. One asks, too, where are McLure Hamilton, Sargent, Cecilia Beaux? As it is, the most striking portrait is "Reflection" by Kyohei Inukai. As a rule the Japanese artist borrows western methods only to misunderstand them and lose in the process all he inherited from the traditions of his own country. But in this portrait there is observation, a seeking after character, and an originality of composition. It is not without faults. The youth almost steps from the canvas, so detached is he from the background. His handkerchief probably would not be so in evidence had not the hand that holds it been a difficulty to the painter. The drawing is weak, the modelling vague, the effort obvious. But at least there is an effort, the figure is well placed on the canvas, the detail well arranged, and the right feeling for color is felt in the way the touch of rose in the sofa cushions is made to tell in the quiet scheme of greys. Compared to it, how self-conscious is Leon Kroll's "Leo Ornstein (at the piano)," how deliberately violent the action of the indifferently drawn hand and arm, how over-emphasized the brown against the over-emphasized blue! Oliver Dennett Grover's "Julius Rolshoven" is careful; Robert Vonnoh's "Dan French" is suggestive as a study; the color is agreeable in C. W. Hawthorne's "Motherhood Triumphant." But most of the portraits send one back with something like relief to Kenyon Cox's "Albert M. Todd, Esq." It is hard, the drawing is tight, figure and face are expressionless; the whole canvas is a tribute to convention. But here is a man trying to do nothing save sit quietly in his chair; the portrait in its present surroundings becomes almost classical. The repose of the nude in Leopold Seyffert's "Lacquer Screen" is another matter. The figure is treated as a mere detail in an arrangement of still life, not as a human body made of flesh and blood—the flesh is less soft than the draperies. But the picture is officially approved, this year winning the Altman Prize, last year purchased for the Pennsylvania Academy, in whose galleries, I might add, it looked much better than it does in Fifty-seventh Street.

For the rest, really, there is not much to say. I am not sure just what E. W. Dickinson was striving to express in his large gray canvas, but the figures are "packed" into an amusing pattern. Among the echoes of Winslow Homer, of Mark Fisher, of Blakelock, here and there is a sea- or land-scape in which the painter was concerned with a problem of his

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own, as Charles Hopkinson appears to have been in his "Salem Bay, Massachusetts." E. W. Redfield has painted his snow-bound river banks and woods so often that in his latest version he seems but an imitator of himself. Davies is represented by three disciples, so alike in paying him the flattery of imitation that they might pass for one if the catalogue did not supply a different name for each. The many records of the far West make one wonder again, as one has wondered often before, if by chance that supposed-to-be picturesque land does actually look so much like a succession of colored snap-shots as its painters would lead us to believe.

Little sculpture is exhibited, naturally, since the Academy provides no gallery for it. Eevlyn Beatrice Longman's "The Future," a full-length nude, has grace and charm and deserves the Julia A. Shaw Prize awarded to it. Grafly hardly succeeds as well with his Hassam as with his Paul Bartlett shown recently at the Pennsylvania Academy. In Pietro's "Mother of the Dead," of which much has been said in praise, the straining after pathos is not carefully enough hidden to arouse the desired emotion—think for one minute of Meunier!—while the "Amorino" by the same sculptor is virtually Rodin and water.

It is not because of the lack of ability or of cleverness that the Academy is disappointing in its mediocrity. Indeed, were there less ability, less cleverness, the exhibition might be less depressing. It is the waste of ability that is so seriously felt—the lack of personal observation, personal experiment, personal knowledge of what to do with the ability. Artists seem bent on reducing art to a "sterilized, standardized pattern," like the clothes they wear, the studio buildings they live in, the food they eat. Mediæval painters ran the same risk, but for their "cock-eyed Madonnas" there was a definite place and purpose as a part of a large decorative scheme. The one place for the modern painter's work is, as a rule, within its own frame, which makes all the difference. I was glad to go from the Academy to Kraushaar's and "to rinse my eyes," as the French say, with the sight of a few good pictures by a few masters—Manet, Whistler, Courbet, Legros—masters of the last century who each trained his powers of observation to meet his own needs; who adapted the technique he had perfected in the schools.

There is but a qualified "rinsing of the eyes" at the New York Public Library's exhibition of "The War Zone in Graphic Art," for the simple reason that it might more accurately be described as "The War Zone in Topography." The object is to show prints and drawings of memorable places grown more memorable from the horrors of the last four and a half years, rather than the finest records of them that artists have made. Here are impressions of Malines and Louvain and Liège and Dixmude, of Amiens and Rheims and Paris, and of other towns both French and Belgian that have figured so conspicuously and tragically in the war, and very interesting they are. Interesting too is much of the work in itself, but the quality varies. Dürer is here, but so also is Hedley Fitton, and it is a far cry from Whistler's "Isle de la Cité" to the elaborated plates of Axel Haig and George T. Plowman. However, different periods and mediums are well represented. To Callot and Hollar we may always turn for facts. Prout and Louis Haghe recall the days of the lithographer's great popularity. We come down to the present in the etchings of Lepère, Brangwyn, and Pennell. And the exhibition had suddenly revived for us Maxine Lalanne whose illustrations are not so well remembered as they should be. If the object is topographical, so is the arrangement, or else one might question the grouping together in the same case of men so far apart in every way as Callot, Daubigny, Lepère, and Lalanne. It would have been a help to the student had the titles been given of the books opened to show certain prints and reproductions. There is no clue, for example, to what old book it is in which the interesting illustrations of the fortifications at Dixmude occur, or the modern volume that contains Louis Haghe's screen of Dixmude church, or Lalanne's Bruges, or Beurdeley's corners of the same town.

N. N.

Music

Revival of a Romantic Opera

LAST Saturday's revival of Weber's "Oberon" at the Metropolitan Opera House is one of the most interesting happenings in the long history of that famous institution. That it should occur just now, when the ban on German operas has not been entirely lifted, may seem odd; but that ban is only on the German language, not on German music. Caruso recently appeared in two German operas in one week; but Meyerbeer's "Prophète" was sung in French, and Flotow's "Martha" in Italian. In presenting "Oberon" in our English version, Mr. Gatti Casazza not only dodged the boycott but followed historic precedent; for it so happened that the first hearing of the swan song of one of whom Wagner said "There never was a more German composer than thou" was given in London, in the English language. In fact, had it not been for England, "Oberon" would never have been composed. It was written to order for Covent Garden; and there it was first sung on April 12, 1826, under Weber's personal direction.

"When I entered the orchestra," he wrote to his wife, "the whole house rose as of one accord, and an incredible applause, cheers, waving of hats and handkerchiefs awaited me, and was hardly to be quieted." This was owing to the tremendous popularity he enjoyed in England as the composer of the romantic masterwork, "Der Freischütz." "Oberon" was no less successful, the composer conducting the first twelve performances, using up what little was left of his vitality. In accepting the order for an opera for Covent Garden he had defied his doctor, who had ordered him south if he would live another year. He felt sure that he had no more than a year of life in any case, and went to London for the sake of his wife and children. His "Freischütz," which enriched so many managers, publishers and singers, had brought him little profit because of unsatisfactory copyright laws; his "Euryanthe" (on which Wagner based his whole system of operatic philosophy and practice) was a failure; and so he accepted the offer of £500 for the English rights to "Oberon," though he felt that in so doing he was signing his death warrant. As foreseen, the exertions called for by the rehearsals and twelve performances proved fatal; he died less than two

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months after the première of "Oberon," and his body remained in England tlll 1844, when the remains were transferred to Dresden, for which occasion Richard Wagner prepared a speech and a funeral march made up of motives from Weber's works.

The tragedy of Weber's last year was intensified by the fact that the libretto to which he had to supply the music was not of his own choosing. It was provided by J. R. Planché, a popular theatrical purveyer to the British taste of the time, which was not altogether in accord with Weber's. Planché was unacquainted with Weber's musico dramatic ideals, concerning which Cornelius said that "Weber died of the longing to become Wagner"—which is as nearly correct as the converse that "without Weber, Wagner would have been impossible." It is true that Weber managed to smuggle into the "Oberon" score some leading motives (or recurring melodies) by the exploiting of which in "Euryanthe" he anticipated Wagner; but on the whole his last libretto gave him little chance to exhibit his new ideas on what might be called operatic architecture; he was simply called upon to provide a number of seductive melodies and graphic orchestral pages for a series of striking stage pictures of fantastic happenings in Fairyland, in Bagdad and Tunis. Oberon, the fairy king, has quarreled with Titania and refused reconciliation till Puck has found a pair of lovers constant to each other through temptations and deadly perils. He finds such a pair in Huon of Bordeaux, who is magically transported to Bagdad where he rescues Rezia, the Caliph's daughter, from an unwelcome suitor and carries her off. There are adventures with pirates; Rezia is sold as a slave, and finally, with her lover, condemned to the stake; but now Oberon intervenes; the lovers have been tried enough, and all ends happily.

If such a story did not enable Weber to elaborate his operatic maxims in anticipation of Richard Wagner, it did afford him opportunity to exhibit the amazing originality of his genius in a new direction. He created the musical fairy-world into which so many composers from Mendelssohn, Schumann, Bennett, and Gade to Wagner and Humperdinck, followed him. Schumann wrote of a certain horn passage in one of Schubert's symphonies that is sounded like a voice from heaven. Of such glimpses of music superterrestial there are several in "Oberon," notably the enchanting mermaid melody. And that simple horn call in the opening of the overture, smothered in mysterious far-away harmonies and colors—does it not seem a microcosm of all musical romanticism?

It would take columns to dwell on all the musical beauties of this score. Why, then, has this masterwork been so long neglected? Because Weber died before he could carry out his plan of rewriting his score, composed hastily to meet a temporary England fashion, and make it suitable for modern opera houses. Gustav Mahler and others tried thus to save the opera. The latest attempt is that of the Metropolitan's conductor, Artur Bodanzki. He eliminated superfluous characters and musical numbers, and supplied recitatives in place of dialogue. HENRY T. FINCK

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Drama

"Dear Brutus"

J. M. BARRIE is back on Broadway. *Gaudeamus igitur.* Shaw, Galsworthy, Barrie—the trio is still the trinity of the English-speaking stage. Against the mass of flimsy theatrical material hastily manufactured for an easy-going public, a play by one of these men stands out like a piece of real lace in a pile of tawdry. It is easy to pick flaws in any play—the play form, even at its best, is a compromise between art and mechanics—but always we find ourselves criticising the work of these three by standards of their own. "It is not so good as his last." "It is not Shaw at his best." Even to disparage, we are forced unconsciously to praise.

"Dear Brutus" is a whimsical comedy in three acts. The title is derived from a quotation from Shakespeare:

> The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars
> But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

It deals with a group of people who are given a second chance in life only to find themselves striving for the same goals under a different guise. It is as if Barrie had reversed Paula Tanqueray's summary of life to read, "The past is only the future entered through another gate."

It is Midsummer Eve somewhere in England. "Lob" is giving a house party; Lob, a lineal descendant of Shakespeare's Puck, a little more grotesque in his Dickensish garb, a little less convincing than his out-and-out fairy ancestor, but for all that a delightful, tender, impish creation. He has chosen his guests for one reason only, their desire, or rather their need, for a second chance. This they find in a magic wood which has the strange habit of appearing at unexpected places on Midsummer Eve and vanishing before the dawn. Into it they all go impelled by various discontents; all, that is, save one happy old lady, absorbed in the husband she adores, who very sensibly rejects the idea of starting again. But the others go and find for the most part that their second choice is but a duplication of their first. There the Philanderer, now married to his affinity, finds his affinity in the woman who is in reality his wife. There Lady Carolyn marries a second time for money. There the pilfering butler continues to pilfer in the world of finance. There Mrs. Dearth, erstwhile model, the discontented wife of an artist she has helped to ruin, finds herself miserably abandoned by the man whom she looked to as an escape from her husband. Only Dearth, the artist, finds a worth-while "might have been" in the enchanted forest. He whose faith and incentive have been destroyed by a selfish and unsympathetic wife, finds in the wood a dream daughter on whom he can lavish the affection of a sincerely out-going nature.

The third act brings the awakening to all of them, the return to the world as it is, with a clearer vision of themselves as they are. But only with Dearth and his wife do the effects of the vision last. The others are either triflers with life or materialists, blind to spiritual values. The triflers see, smile, shrug their shoulders and continue the old road with more sophistication. The materialists scarcely even see. Dearth's alone is a sincere and unselfish nature. He is the only one whose second chance has been a chance to give rather than get, to give the love which his wife rejects, and to have it fall in less thorny ground. His second chance ploughs deep into the heart of life, and the furrows last. To his wife also, through her own misery, and her moment of contact with him in the wood, comes a new appreciation. Their awakening sees the birth of a new life and a new love, and this note redeems the play from any imputation of pessimism.

The play is admirably produced and acted. William Gillette as Dearth, Hilda Spong as Mrs. Dearth, Louis Calvert as the butler-financier, Matey, all gave excellent performances. Helen Hayes in the rôle of Dearth's daughter was an unexpected and unalloyed delight. T. H.

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Finance

Liquidation of Liberty Bonds

VARIOUS reasons have been assigned for the somewhat sensational selling of various issues of United States Government Liberty Bonds. In the course of the movement most of the issues have touched new low records, and, owing to the fact that these loans were the most widely distributed of all loans, the continued offerings have excited general discussion. In consequence of the extraordinary nation-wide canvasses undertaken to place these great bond issues with the rank and file of investors, one or more Liberty Bonds have come to be a household possession from Maine to California. The distribution has been so scientifically handled as to place a Liberty Bond with virtually one out of every four of the population of the continental United States.

It is natural therefore that the heavy selling movement with the resultant price declines should have occasioned some uneasiness. As a matter of fact, however, the movement is not at all strange, when it is recalled that the United States received more than 50,000,000 applications, aggregating in all almost $7,500,000,000, for the four Liberty Loan offerings. The fact is that several million people entered the holiday season this year with most of their savings invested in a small holding of Liberty Bonds. An immense proportion of these great bond issues have been put out in $50 and $100 denominations, a vast number of these securities going to little investors who never before knew what it was to own a bond. Under the enthusiasm of stirring appeals to help the Government win the war, thousands and thousands of wage earners throughout the country put their savings into Liberty Bonds. A large proportion of these purchasers naturally loaded up with more bonds than they could hold. The result was that pressure for Christmas money, or other requirements, made it necessary for them to convert their bonds into cash without delay. In thousands of other instances, the selling of the bonds represented the efforts of workers in munitions plants to close out their accounts before the great shutdown. This liquidation referred also to a great number of instalment accounts which discharged employees found it difficult to continue.

It is apparent also that the custom followed by various corporations of distributing dividends of Liberty Bonds resulted in the forced selling of bonds so distributed. It is presumable also that many large corporations which have carried a large proportion of their cash resources in Liberty Bond investments found it advisable to strengthen their bank balance in order to finance the heavy engagements of the year-end settlement period. In many instances these holdings represented huge blocks of the bonds, so that if many of the corporations affected happened to need the money at the same time the conversion process was sure to unsettle the market. It has been suggested also that some of the selling of the last fortnight has been by investors who were anxious to get out of their investment before the close of the year and by actually selling the bonds would be in a position where they could show in their income tax statements the losses actually taken.

This broadening of the investment demand for high-grade securities has been an important achievement of the European War period. It has given the United States a bond market of unequalled potential strength. It has been effective too in pushing the thrift fund and making it possible for thousands of people to enjoy the benefit of systematic saving. Notwithstanding the decline in Liberty Bonds, however, there can be no doubt but that the placing of these securities will be ultimately of great advantage to the general bond market. The bond-selling community has had little to do since the world war began, and it may be said that the country is still heavily short of good bonds, owing to the greatly reduced output of new securities during the period of American participation in the great world war. It is an interesting situation which confronts the American investor to-day. It is fortunate for him and for all American citizens that he has not become heavily involved in speculative commitments. There are better days ahead for the bond market and for the better classes of securities.

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